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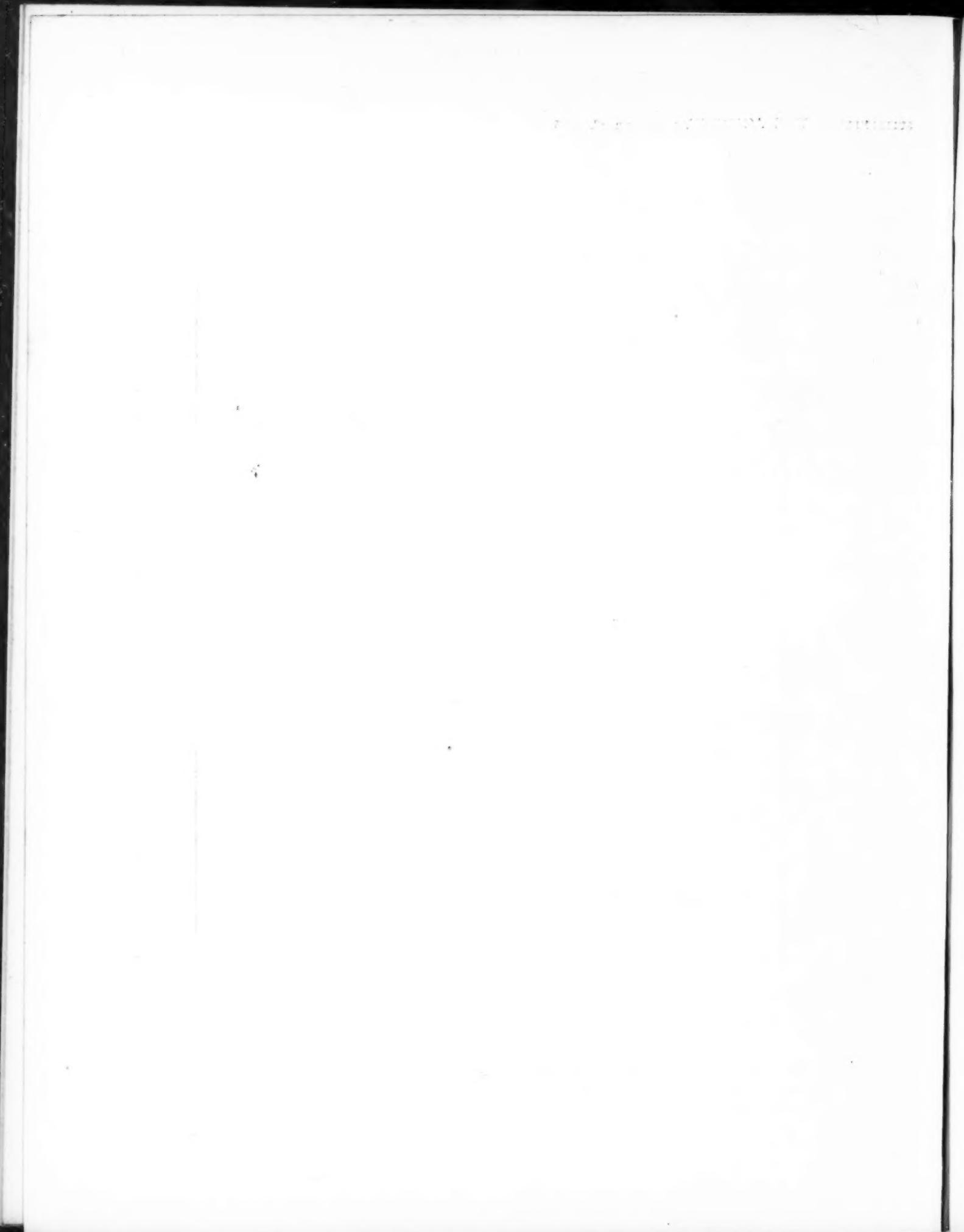
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REVIEWS.

Greek Folk-Poesy: Annotated Translations. By Lucy Garnett. Edited, with Essays, by J. S. Stuart-Glennie. Vol. I., Folk-Verses. (David Nutt.)

THE ROMAIC songs and ballads selected for translation by Miss Garnett constitute a cycle of popular Greek literature extending from the capture of Constantinople, in 1453, down to our own times, and exhibiting every aspect of common Greek life—individual, domestic, and national. But wide as is the field thus covered it forms a mere speck as compared with the scope of the editor's Introduction, which aims at nothing less than giving a complete philosophy of civilisation—or at least of its origin—a "key to all mythologies," and a general explanation of folk-lore. Each division of the volume has its interest, but their effects do not converge. The theories put forward by Mr. Stuart-Glennie neither elucidate Miss Garnett's translations nor gain from them any support. One can only suppose that this system of joint publication has been adopted in order that one division may profit by the attention which the other is expected to attract.

Mr. Stuart-Glennie takes us back to a time of which the most learned among us know very little more than the most ignorant. At the very outset, indeed, we are met by an argument *ad ignorantiam*. "No single savage race can be named which has risen independently to civilisation." So says Niebuhr, and so also says our author (p. 3). But the rise, had it occurred, could not possibly have been recorded. History is a late product of civilisation; therefore no contemporary record, the only record of any value, could have commemorated the event. On the other hand, the conditions of the case preclude observation from without; for the self-civilising race is presumed to be living

in complete isolation. Mr. Stuart-Glennie, being a philosopher, refuses to admit Whately's inference that civilisation must therefore have been a supernatural gift. He thinks that what was beyond the power of a single race may have resulted from the co-operation of two races. There is nothing improbable about this idea. It agrees well with what we know of cross-fertilisation as a constant and conspicuous factor in human progress. But when Mr. Stuart-Glennie goes on to insist on the necessity of one of these races having always been white, doubts and difficulties arise. Even if it could be shown that white men had a share in every civilisation that is ever known to have existed, that would be a most insufficient basis for inductions respecting the vast pre-historic period, a period not to be reckoned by millenniums but by myriads, or even lakhs of years. But the historic basis is far from being assured. To disprove the existence of civilisations indigenous to the coloured races, the dependence of Chinese culture on Chaldean teaching has to be demonstrated. Then come the two American civilisations, which are very much harder nuts to crack. The alleged "Aryan Races of Peru" do not seem to commend themselves to ethnology; and white missionaries to Mexico are more improbable still. One of the latest and most learned of American historians, Mr. John Fiske, assumes that before Columbus landed the Western Continent had been isolated from the rest of the world for fifty thousand years.

Nor is this all. If we understand him aright, Mr. Stuart-Glennie requires us to believe that no single white race or combination of white races could originate a civilisation. Only after it had conquered a coloured race and reduced it to slavery, or settled colonists among it, could a State be founded and real culture begin (p. 8). We cannot even find a reference to the "overwhelming evidence" which is alleged to prove that the social constitution of Ancient Chaldea and of Ancient Egypt rested on the exploitation of a coloured by a white race. And even were the evidence forthcoming it would not disprove the previous existence of a purely white civilised community, organised as a State. Within the historic period, the richer, stronger, and cleverer whites have always shown such an unlimited capacity for living at ease on the labour of their similarly-complexioned brethren, that there seems no difficulty in crediting them with the same disposition at their very first appearance on the globe.

So also with the question of mythology and folklore. We need not have recourse to the traditions of a lower race to account for these, except, of course, where the existence of such a race enters as an element into the popular tales orally handed down. For the rest, we know, from the experience of the present day, that men and women of the purest Aryan races will invent, or believe, or without believing pass off as true on other Aryans, the most monstrous myths imaginable; and we may safely assume that their remote ancestors equalled them in gullibility as well as in greed.

But, finally, let us suppose that the editor has established all his theses, and

that his theories are no less true than they are interesting and ingenious. What is their relevance to modern Greek folk-poetry? We can see none. We have looked in vain through the translations for a single reference to racial distinctions based on colour. There is, of course, a good deal about the Turks, not to their credit; but the Turks belong to Mr. Stuart-Glennie's great white race; and certainly they are famous for their beards, which, rather than complexion, is his test of membership. There is also much superstition about witches, vampires, and the like, such as, no doubt, flourished also among the lower classes in pre-Christian Greece, and such as always comes to the surface when the higher life of a people has been destroyed. But this is a fact equally compatible with any theory of mythology now current.

Mr. Stuart-Glennie thinks that readers of these ballads must be struck by "the Classical rather than Modern, the Pagan rather than the Christian" character of their conceptions of life (p. 427). What are we to understand he means by classical? One generally associates the term with such qualities as moderation, balance, perfection, and rationality. But these are just the qualities most conspicuously absent from Miss Garnett's selected specimens. There is nothing specially Greek about them, except, perhaps, a sunny clearness common to all southern poetry. So far as sentiment goes, they might as well have been written by Albanians, Serbs, or Roumanians. Pagan is another term of doubtful meaning. As commonly used it seems to stand for the total negation of religion and morality. Taken in that sense Pindar and Herodotus were no pagans; yet the editor would, presumably, include them under the name. Whatever we are to call them they have nothing in common with the lawlessness, the ferocity, the vindictiveness, and the swagger of the modern Klepht as we see him here, naked and unashamed. One of the latest pieces in the collection is a dirge over the fate of two ruffians, Christos and Dimitrios Takos by name, who are described as "chiefs of the band by whom the three Englishmen, killed at Marathon in 1870, were captured" (p. 370). It was rumoured at the time that these worthies were acting as paid agents of the Parliamentary Opposition at Athens, who hoped to discredit the government by means of their exploit. "Robbers" is a word applied by the modern Greeks to the public creditors of their defaulting State when they object to being defrauded of their due. That is what the countrymen of Heracles and Theseus have come to.

For the rest, the pieces given in this volume, however interesting as documents, are, with two exceptions, singularly devoid of literary merit. We might have attributed this impression of extreme poverty either to insensibility on our part, or to some loss of power in the translation, but for the exceptions referred to. One describes a visit paid after death to his widow by Thanás Vághia, a Greek officer who took the lead in a treacherous massacre perpetrated by order of the celebrated Ali Pasha. For this deed he was condemned

to walk as a vampire in company with his victims and the Vizier Ali, and it is as such that he appears to his widow. The other describes the birth and death of Vlachávas, also a victim of Ali Pasha, and reputed to be the child of Olympus and Ossa (pp. 77 and 327). Both are really splendid poems, and can have lost nothing in passing through Miss Garnett's hands. Her version shows a command of metrical phrases for the expression of horror and of beauty, of tenderness and of terror, which may possibly be equalled, but can hardly be surpassed by the original. But these are exceptions that prove the rule; for they are the work not of a village minstrel, but of a real literary artist, Valaoritis, one of the greatest poets of Modern Greece.

The present volume concludes with an excursus on Greek folk-speech, in which, among other topics, the question of Greek pronunciation is touched on, with especial reference to a discussion on the subject in the ACADEMY last spring. Mr. Stuart-Glennie confesses to much sympathy with the view that the Modern Greek system should be followed in our schools (p. 458). Were that view ever adopted, an amendment should be moved, "that no more Ancient Greek poetry be read in schools." For surely nothing but lifelong disgust could result from the infliction on learners of such mangled prosody as would be produced by the substitution of accent for quantity in the classical metres.

The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby. By One of his Descendants. (Longmans.)

WERE it for nothing else than the picturesqueness and versatility of the man, Kenelm Digby would have been a notable figure at the Court of King Charles. He had laid it out for himself to combine the *rôles* in life of the philosopher, the fine gentleman, and the man of affairs, and he attacked his difficult problem with astonishing audacity, and, on the whole, astonishing success. Moreover, he had shattered fortunes to repair, and repaired them. His vanity is a thing inordinate and by itself.

"The mind of Theagenes," he tells us, "was noble, being by nature composed of an excellent mixture, and thereto so richly cultivated with continual study and philosophical precepts that it stood in defiance of fortune."

Nor did his own physical qualities tickle him less. He was, indeed, of gigantic stature and strength. Men marvelled at Sherborne as he picked up his kinsman, the Earl of Bristol, "chair and all, with one arm." Yet it is impossible to read without Homeric laughter the account of that fight with fifteen armed men—wore they buckram, one wonders—in the streets of Madrid, and how the intrepid Digby, leaving several of his assailants for dead, walked "leisurely to the ambassador's house." Even so does that other incomparable boaster of the age, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, relate with much complacence his feats of arms against the enemies who attacked him by broad daylight one morning in our own familiar Whitehall. There were those who found

Kenelm Digby out. "He was the Pliny of our age for lying," says Stubbes of him in his *Animadversions upon Glaneville*, and at Paris, in 1660, his statements on the subject of alchemy "did ravish the hearers to admiration." The particular story which called down Stubbes's ire, that of the petrified city in Barbary, may probably have had its kernel of truth; but we shall be hard to convince that the much vaunted sympathetic powder, with its remarkable cure of wounds at a distance, was anything but an outcome of Kenelm Digby's too fertile imagination. On the whole, however, he seems to have induced his contemporaries to take him very much at his own valuation. While he was still at Oxford his tutor, the famous Thomas Allen of Gloucester Hall, was ready to pronounce him "the Mirandula of his age," and though, as Dr. Johnson said, "a lapidary is not upon oath, sir!" there is a ring of genuine admiration in the epitaph written for him by Ferrar:

"Under this tomb the matchless Digby lies,
Digby the great, the valiant, and the wise;
This age's wonder for his noble parts,
Skilled in six tongues, and learned in all the
arts."

We should be sorry to rank Digby as merely an impostor. He was rather, as his biographer points out, the first of the amateurs. Something he achieved in nearly all the multitudinous spheres of his activity. In science he discovered the secrets of how to make glass bottles and incubators; in war he did a really extraordinary thing in the victory of Scanderoon; in diplomacy even, for a Catholic, as he was then, he was not without his triumph, for when charged with a mission to Rome, he "huff'd the Pope, and gave him the lie." And yet for all his gifts he did nothing consummate or enduring. At heart he was more a man of science than anything else. The guns had hardly ceased to sound in the Gulf of Scanderoon before he was making his notes of the effects of vibration, how the paper windows were split, and the eggs cracked in the nests of the English consul's pigeons. Of his moral qualities the less said the better. His political intrigues during the Commonwealth will hardly bear examination. His behaviour to women was atrocious; and, though he seems sincerely to have loved his wife, yet he did her wrongs for which we can hardly think that his pose after her funeral as a hermit at Gresham College in "a long mourning cloake" and "a high cornered hat" sufficiently atones. Besides, it only lasted two years, and then the disconsolate widower betook himself to Paris.

At any rate, his life is pretty reading, and we are in debt to the descendant signing himself T. L. who has put it together for us. The basis of the book is naturally the famous Harleian MS. of *Private Memoirs*, written by Digby at Melos in 1628. It is obvious that we cannot place implicit confidence in such a source. The *Memoirs* are thrown into the form of a romance; the characters are concealed under fictitious names, and are many of them difficult of identification; and it is not quite certain whether the book was even intended to be taken in all its details as autobiographic. We may perhaps assume, for instance, that the

somewhat ostentatious virtue which Digby ascribes to himself when upon his travels has its explanation in the fact that he was writing for the eye of his fairest Venetia. Mr. T. L. has ransacked many State-papers and other sources of the kind for information on the subject of Digby; but his labours in this direction have not been quite exhaustive. He has missed some interesting references in the *Epistola Ho-Eliae*, one of which might have solved his difficulty as to the real name of the lady whose heart Digby boasts of breaking at Madrid. In the *Memoirs* she is called Mauriciana. Clearly she is the Donna Anna Maria Manrique, sister of the Duke of Marquedas, whose letter Howell encloses to Digby from Madrid in the spring of 1624, and whom he calls "the Paragon of the Spanish Court." Mr. Sidney Lee has pointed out that in a letter preserved by Sir Toby Matthews, Digby speaks in the highest terms of this lady's beauty. By the way, Mr. T. L. would have found the *Dictionary of National Biography* a useful source of information. While we are upon this subject, we may venture a suggestion as to another of the hitherto unidentified personages in the *Memoirs*. Ursatius, the persecutor of Venetia Digby upon her first appearance at Court, is probably the Earl of Somerset. He is described as "in favour with his prince, eminent above all others," and the events narrated may well have taken place just before Somerset's fall. We are willing enough to share Mr. T. L.'s charitable view of the much debated character of Venetia Anastasia, Lady Digby. The chief witness against her, Aubrey the antiquary, was an inveterate gossip. There is a note in his MSS. in the Bodleian in which he ventures to asperse even the fair fame of that star of ladies, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." We doubt if his tittle-tattle should be allowed to weigh much against the testimonies of Habington and of Digby himself. We do not remember ever to have seen a very obvious explanation of the legend that Lady Digby died of drinking viper-wine, or, as another version has it, of eating capons fed upon vipers. It probably arose from the fact that in at least two of her portraits she is represented with a serpent, typifying slander, in one hand, and a dove, typifying innocence, in the other. In just the same way Elizabeth Drury, the subject of Donne's great *Anniversaries*, who is represented on her monument as leaning her head on her hand, was believed in local tradition to have died from a box on the ear given her by her father.

Mr. T. L. has blundered over a date on p. 215, simply from failing to remember that xii. Jan., MDCXXIX., on a contemporary monument, means January 12, 1630 of our reckoning. Why he printed "Griundoe" for "Oriundoe" on the same page we do not profess to say. He has been guilty of an unpardonable bit of prudery in his account of the quarrel between Digby and Venetia. The lover's offence was not a kiss, which the lady could hardly have resented under the circumstances, but a much greater liberty, which she was certainly not called upon lightly to forgive.

"FLOREAT SALOPIA."

The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler. By his Grandson, Samuel Butler. (Murray.)

We think that the average reader will lay down the two bulky volumes which are published under the foregoing title with a feeling that they should have been called "Materials for a Life of Dr. Samuel Butler." The "Life" of that great pedagogue still remains to be written. The accomplished author of *Erewhon* has suffered himself to be overwhelmed by the mass of material to his hand. The result is that his book is rather a mine out of which the characteristics of Dr. Butler may be quarried with much labour than a picture from which his lineaments may easily be discerned. In saying this we do not desire to detract in any way from the value of what Mr. Butler has written himself. We may perhaps regret that he was unable to discover more about the great "Beef Row" which once convulsed Shrewsbury School, and may wonder that, though himself an Old Salopian, he has not given greater prominence to those peculiarities of Dr. Butler's scholarship which stamped themselves so deeply upon it. These, however, are but small points, which do not impair the pleasure with which we read nearly all that, in these volumes, comes from his own pen. All that we complain of is the inclusion of a prodigious mass of correspondence, from most of which the spirit has long ago evaporated, and of biographical details relating to people whose importance, never very great, perished with them. We dare say that scholars once attributed great weight to the opinion of Count Merian upon ancient inscriptions and the value of Slavonic to philologists. The fact that Dr. Butler appears to have derived great pleasure from his portentous communications is evidence of the fact. We, however, who only share Dr. Butler's enthusiasms in a limited degree, would gladly have dispensed with a good half of the Count's epistolary productions, and protest against being required to read the details of his parentage, prospects, and career. Mr. Butler speaks of himself as having been "reluctantly obliged to exclude" more than half of this diplomatist's letters to Dr. Butler. Had the other half shared the same fate, we are of opinion that the world would have sustained no appreciable loss.

Having had our growl, we hasten to say that it would be most unjust to call this work a dull book. It is a book which requires the reader to skip a good many pages lest he be lost in the arid wastes in which its oases lie. Yet—to change the metaphor—we can promise him that he will discover plenty of plums in the pudding, and that he will find the said plums altogether wholesome and of excellent flavour. Take, for instance, this history of how the boys successfully defied the stern head master:

"There was a certain Exciseman in Shrewsbury who was very trim and neat in his attire, but who had a bottle nose of more than usual size. As he passed through the school-lane the boys used to call him 'Nosey,' and this

made him so angry that he complained to Dr. Butler, who sympathised, and sent for the head boy, to whom he gave strict injunctions that the boys should not say 'Nosey' any more.

"Next day, however, the Exciseman reappeared even more angry than before. It seems that not a boy had said 'Nosey,' but that as soon as he was seen coming the boys ranged themselves in two lines, through which he must pass, and all fixed their eyes intently upon his nose. Again Dr. Butler summoned the head boy and spoke more sharply. 'You have no business,' said he, 'to annoy a man who is passing through the school on his lawful occasions; don't look at him.' But again the Exciseman returned to Dr. Butler, furious with indignation, for this time, as soon as he was seen, every boy had covered his face with his hand till he had gone by."

From the accounts given in this work Dr. Butler seems to have had others at Shrewsbury besides the boys who defied him. Stories of his supposed extreme severity, which were obviously false, were set about among the townspeople, and even the trustees of the school do not always appear to have deferred to his wishes so much as they might and should have done. Encumbered with an assistant whom he could not dismiss, and with whom he was upon such terms that for seven-and-thirty years their intercourse was almost wholly limited to letters written in the third person, it is little less than marvellous that he should have done such splendid work and raised the school to so great a position as he did.

Before the rise of Arnold—*velut inter ignes luna minores*—Butler was unquestionably regarded as the typical head master, even though Keate's fame was in all men's mouths. It was he who introduced that system of periodical examinations which brought the public schools into line with the Universities, and few masters, indeed, can claim a more illustrious list of pupils. The exploits of two of them, Kennedy and Brancker, who took respectively the Porson at Cambridge and the Ireland at Oxford while yet only boys at Shrewsbury School, compelled both the Universities to change their regulations so as to exclude non-resident competitors. No other head master can, we believe, claim the credit of a parallel achievement, and though it has been said that Butler's pupils were accurate rather than elegant scholars, we cannot, with this record before us, attach any importance to the statement. That he was something much greater than a mere scholar himself appears again and again. He was a man of the world in the best sense, and he understood boy nature better than any master of his time. What could be more sensible or more judicious than this reply to a parent who seems to have been agitated at the notion of his boy being compelled to use his fists?—

"When two boys quarrel, though battles ought not to be encouraged, perhaps the most desirable thing is that they should settle it between themselves by a trial of mastery, which generally puts a stop to all further squabbles. But no master can either say this or encourage it. I am only giving you my opinion, which is for your private consideration, not for promulgation."

Of Dr. Butler as Bishop of Lichfield there is not much to say. He much resembled other bishops, and no one would pretend that he was as distinguished upon the Episcopal Bench as in the list of famous head masters. There is one anecdote in connexion with the Bishopric of Lichfield which we feel justified in relating, the more so since it has not hitherto, we believe, appeared in print, and is not noticed by Mr. Butler. When a very small boy, Butler was taken to witness a Confirmation, and was immensely impressed by the state and magnificence of the then Bishop of Lichfield. "When I grow up," he said, "I mean to be Bishop of Lichfield." It is an odd coincidence that this very bishopric should have been the crowning honour of his latter days. Perhaps the strangest circumstance in his career is the attack which, over the signature of "Eubulus," he made upon the exclusively classical nature of university education. It was a curious line for Butler, of all men in the world, to take, and he seems to have been conscious of its incongruity with his position as head of Shrewsbury School. Not only did he take the ordinary precautions to conceal the authorship, but he even went so far as to spell "judgment" as modern usage requires, though he was an almost fanatical adherent of the spelling "judgement," and to sacrifice the *e* was gall and wormwood to his orthographical soul. He was convinced that no one would identify him with the "Eubulus" who was guilty of such an enormity.

As a memorial of a man who had some pretensions to being the first scholar of his time in England these volumes are worthy. We only regret that they are also so weighty. The book would be twice as good if it were half as big; but all that it requires to make it eminently readable is that it should be turned over to some competent sub-editor with a blue pencil and unlimited power before the next edition is brought out.

Undercurrents of the Second Empire: Notes and Recollections. By Albert D. Vandam. (Heinemann.)

MR. VANDAM's chronology is a little bewildering to the simple-minded critic. It was on the last day of 1855, if we are to believe *My Paris Note-book*, that he first visited Paris, and, as he tells us in this volume, he was then "a mere lad" of thirteen; yet in the *Englishman in Paris*, which created some little sensation when it appeared anonymously four or five years ago, he speaks familiarly, and as a spectator, of events long anterior to that date, saying, for instance—one among many—that "between 1846 and 1853" he had seen "a great deal of Rachel, generally in the green-room of the Comédie Française." A boy of five in the green-room of the Comédie Française—how are we to account for so premature an acquaintance with the great tragedian? Mr. Vandam had, no doubt, two worthy grand-uncles, Dutchmen by birth, and retired army surgeons, who had

lived in Paris a very long time, and were, for some unexplained reason, in the very good graces of Napoleon III. Are we, we ask, listening to *their* reminiscences, and should the title of the book, in greater strictness, have been "Two Dutchmen in Paris"? Anyhow, the grand-uncles figure largely as authorities in these "Undercurrents," their memoranda being supplemented by unsigned, undated, anonymous notes on events, past, present and future—notes presented to the author by M. de Maupas, without any clue apparently as to their origin or authenticity. So conjectural, indeed, is all that relates to these notes that one of them is supposed by Mr. Vandam to have been "written in the early morning of Saturday, July 16, 1870," though it alludes to the Emperor's death, which occurred on January 9, 1873. There is something about all this which, without further elucidation, is, as the French would say, not "serious," something that would incline one to receive with caution Mr. Vandam's criticisms on public events, and his unmeasured strictures upon all and sundry.

For Mr. Vandam has scarcely a good word to say for anyone. He belabours all parties with strict impartiality. Perhaps the personage for whom he has what most nearly approaches to praise is the Emperor, who is credited with courage, generosity, genuine good-nature, and a ready and trenchant wit; while the picture drawn of him in the last miserable hours of his reign, when afflicted by physical suffering, defeat, and the execration of his people, is truly pathetic. But even Mr. Vandam's sympathy for the Emperor is only relative. It is compatible with a belief that he "was largely responsible from beginning to end for" the "demoralising condition of things," which was a disgrace to French Society during his reign—compatible, too, with a belief that he purposed, if a matrimonial alliance with one of the Royal families of Europe proved possible, to make the woman he afterwards married his mistress. Towards the Empress herself Mr. Vandam's attitude is specially malevolent—scarcely quite worthy indeed when one remembers that, whatever the political part she may have played, she is at least a woman, and bearing with dignity the loss of her husband, of her only son, and the fall from one of the most exalted positions in the world.

As to Morny and the other political adventurers who took an active part in the *Coup d'Etat*, or profited thereby, they may fairly be left to Mr. Vandam's tender mercies. But is it quite believable that in 1840, eight years before the fall of Louis Philippe, Thiers, whose "track," according to Mr. Vandam, "was positively reeking with the blood of his victims," treacherously trapped Louis Napoleon into landing at Boulogne, so that Louis Napoleon might thus get knocked off the political board—for this is what Mr. Vandam seems to imply—and thus leave the field open to Thiers whenever a republic might be proclaimed and a president wanted? Thiers' immense cleverness is undeniable. It almost amounted to genius. He scarcely to this extent possessed the gift of prophecy. Again, Mr. Vandam says of

"MM. Favre and Gambetta," that their "policy," during the "storm" of September, 1870, when the Empire foundered, was to "secure the valuable cargo in the shape of ministries, and so forth," and he quotes, seemingly with approval, the words of a M. Estancelin, who speaks of the "fat posts" so secured. Alas! in September, 1870, in face of the unparalleled disasters that had already fallen upon France, of the awful uncertainties of the future, the "ministries" were scarcely to be called "valuable," and the posts, if "fat," had obvious drawbacks.

Mr. Vandam argues at some length the question whether the Emperor should not have returned to Paris instead of following the army to Sedan, and by judicious arrangements—including, it appears, the arrest of all the Republican members of the Assembly, and their detention on board a warship at Cherbourg—have prevented the Revolution. As to the "might have been" of history, who shall decide? The Emperor was a broken man. Had he been in 1870 what he was in 1851 doubtless he would have attempted to stem the torrent that carried him and his dynasty away. But even so, it is more than questionable whether he would have succeeded. In 1851 the *Coup d'Etat* was rendered possible by a long series of mistakes on the part of his adversaries. The country wearied of parliamentary faction and ineptitude. In 1870 his own government appeared as one huge mistake. Could any régime have stood against Sedan? And, whether or no, there are many who hold that it was for the highest interests of France that the war did not cease at that point, and that Gambetta and the Government of National Defence deserved well of their country in fighting to the bitter end.

Mr. Vandam's acquaintance with the anecdote of French life from 1830 to the present time is immense. He has, too, a discursive gift which is enviable, and writes with a most fluent pen. But history, even in its undercurrents, requires other qualifications.

SOME HETEROODOX BOOKS.

Our Sacred Books. Part I. The Old Testament. By Alexander Snell Cantlay. (Neville Beeman, Ltd.)

MR. CANTLAY'S book was, he says, dictated by the wish to make public the results of recent Biblical criticism which he imagines to have hitherto been confined to scholars. He has accordingly summarised, in a handy little volume of about a hundred pages, the opinions arrived at by authors like Prof. Robertson Smith, Canon Driver, and Prof. Sayee as to the authorship and sources of the Old Testament Books and the circumstances that led to their inclusion in the Canon. So far as can be judged in the absence of references, the work is well and impartially done, only the more moderate writers on either side being quoted. The main conclusions to which Mr. Cantlay's researches bring him are that "our English Bible is different from the ancient Jewish Scriptures," and that "while the more

ancient books of the law and the prophets are worthy of our highest reverence and trust, the books of the Hagiographa" (i.e., of the rest of the Bible) "are altogether of a different and lower order." But why does he speak, or suppose that a Jew would speak—for the passage seems intended to bear the latter construction—of the Founder of Christianity as "Jesus Bar Panther"? He must surely know that the absurd legend, first quoted (if we remember rightly) by Origen, which makes Jesus the son of a Roman soldier named Panther, has never been put forward by any Jewish writer of authority. It involves, in fact, far greater difficulties of belief than the Gospel narrative, and was completely forgotten until it was lately revived by certain Secularist and anti-Semitic writers.

Pistis Sophia. Englished, &c., by G. R. S. Mead. (Theosophical Publishing Society.)

We approach a book like Mr. Mead's *Pistis Sophia* with misgiving, because Mr. Mead is, if we do not mistake, the secretary of the Theosophical Society, and there was therefore some reason to fear that he might be unconsciously led to alter the vague and mystical language of this ancient text, so as to bring it within the elastic compass of his new faith. But he has manfully resisted this temptation, and, save for a few words in the table of contents, there is no trace of Theosophical phraseology in the volume before us. The *Pistis Sophia* is, as most people who have heard its name are aware, a gospel written by an author belonging to some one or other of the Gnostic sects, and purports to relate the discourses of Jesus to the Disciples after the Resurrection. As, however, its revelations are limited to a description of the regions into which it supposes the next world to be divided, it was probably more interesting to the Egyptians, to whom it was originally addressed, than to most readers of the present day. Yet it has excited some interest—if only as one of the oldest Coptic MSS. in existence—and several persons before Mr. Mead have attempted to elucidate it. As to the date and authorship of the principal document contained in the text, Mr. Mead wisely contents himself with summarising the opinions of earlier and (as he would probably admit) better-equipped students of the MS. than himself; but his suggestion that the fragments appended to the *Pistis Sophia* proper are by the same hand can hardly be seriously entertained. Apart altogether from the marked differences in style, these fragments are inconsistent, not only with the principal document, but with each other, and one of them contains expressions which seem to point to a later and probably Manichean origin. The translation here given is not made direct from the Coptic MS., but from the Latin version made by Schwartz in 1851, after comparison with the French translation published last year by the learned Egyptologist, M. Amélineau. From these two respectable sources, Mr. Mead has constructed a translation into (on the whole) fair and readable English. It is not without some faults that might probably have been

avoided with more care. Thus, when Jesus rises from the earth and ascends through the different heavens, the spirits therein are represented as being struck with astonishment that He should have passed through them on His way to the earth without their knowledge. The idea was a favourite one with Apocalyptic authors, and is to be found in the Ascension of Isaiah, from whence the writer of the *Pistis Sophia* may have taken it. Schwartz, however, mistaking the construction of the passage, rendered the cry of the spirits by "Quomodo mutavit nos dominus universi hand scientes?" His editor, Petermann—for Schwartz's book was published after his death—saw the error and corrected it, and Amélineau translates it quite correctly by "Comment le Seigneur du Plerome est il passé par nous sans que nous le sachions?" Yet Mr. Mead, ignoring these emendations, gives the passage as "How hath the lord of the Pleroma changed us without our knowledge?" and thereby renders the speech unintelligible. We may also mention that Révillout and not "Revaillant" is the name of the first Coptic scholar in Europe, and that no one is more likely than he to resent any liberties with his patronymic. But in spite of these and some other slight mistakes, Mr. Mead's book can be recommended to anyone who may wish to be acquainted with the doctrines of the *Pistis Sophia* and is unable to avail himself of M. Amélineau's version.

The Upanishads. Vol. II. Translated, &c., by G. R. S. Mead and Jagadisha Chandra Chattopadhyaya.

The like praise can hardly be bestowed upon the version of the *Upanishads*, put forth under the same auspices. Anyone innocent of Sanskrit who desires insight into the texts which form, according to Prof. Max Müller, "the oldest treatises on Hindu philosophy," must, we fear, still supply himself with the professor's own translation in *Sacred Books of the East*. He will certainly make nothing of the polyglot version produced by Mr. Mead and his collaborator. One specimen will, perhaps, suffice:

"In a retreat, well hid, wind guarded, level floored, and clean, from pebbles free and burning sand, that charms the mind with sound and stream and shade, and gives the eye no pain, there should a man strive on for yog."

Speaking for ourselves, we doubt that there is any virtue in this "yog."

THE SUCCESSFUL TROUBADOURS.

The Lives of the Troubadours. Translated from the Mediaeval Provençal. With Introductory Matter and Notes. By Ida Farnell. (David Nutt.)

"THE poetry of the troubadours was at its best during the last thirty years of the twelfth century and the early part of the thirteenth . . . and about that time it became customary to head the collection of a troubadour's poems with the story of his life."

So says Miss Ida Farnell, in the slightly

dryasdust introduction to her pretty book, *The Lives of the Troubadours*, translated from the Mediaeval Provençal; very delicately translated, we may add, into picturesque and just sufficiently archaic English.

On the whole, it would seem that the life of a successful troubadour fell very much to the windy side of care. In the nature of things, Troubadourdom must have had its Grub-street, and we may suppose that there was a submerged majority of unsuccessful troubadours—lean, shabby fellows—whose lives nobody thought worth recording. But if a man "got on" as a troubadour, it was roses, roses all the way—for at least a season. He might be high-born, he might be base-born, he might be a soldier, he might be a disfrocked priest; but, with scarcely an exception, your successful troubadour is described by his biographer as "right courteous and goodly" and "full comely to look upon"—this without reference to his professional attainments. He passed his time, apparently, in a round of visits to the country houses of Provence. Welcomed and entertained with great honour by the master, the "right puissant lord," he seldom failed to inspire a tender interest in the breast of the mistress, generally "the fairest lady known of in that day, and the most renowned for excellence and worth." Then he made verses, and sang them—cabras, canzones, sirventes, and even (at a pinch) pastoretas, in celebration of the fair one's charms. Unless times have altered for the worse, the making of verses in the Provençal tongue could hardly have been a very irksome business. If, for example, the word you aspired to use did not happen to rhyme with the word it was to cap, you simply tinkered the obstinate thing until it did—you whipped it into shape by altering its terminal syllables. Such, at all events, we are assured, has been the practice of not a few Provençal poets of recent years; and at that rate, evidently, it would cost but a momentary effort to rhyme London Bridge with Salamanca. Besides, the more perseveringly the troubadour gave utterance to the hackneyed sentiment and the set expression, the more were his auditors delighted; they had no squeamish prejudices against the phrase *toute faite*. Almost always, sooner or later, the successful troubadour was knighted. And he might very possibly amass a handsome private fortune into the bargain. Witness the case of Pevie Vidal.

Sometimes, of course, things fell out less prosperously. There was Jaufre Rudel, for instance, the same with whom readers of Browning and Swinburne are already acquainted. Rudel worshipped the Countess of Tripoli, but never saw her till the day he died in her arms. There was Guillem of Balaun, who, for a seury trick he played upon Guilhelma of Javiae, was required by her, ere she would pardon him, to "tear away the nail from his little finger and bring it to her with a song." And there was Sir Guillem of Cabestaing, who came to a sad end by reason of his attachment to the Lady Soremonda, wife of Lord Raymond of Rousillon. Lord Raymond cut Sir Guillem's heart out, and had it roasted with pepper and set before the Lady Soremonda at her dinner. But when the

lady learned what she had eaten, she cried out, "Of a truth, my lord, such good meat have you given me that never more will I taste of other," and she cast herself down from a balcony and so died. The King of Aragon, one is pleased to read, seized upon Lord Raymond and deprived him of his goods, and left him to perish miserably in a prison. Brevity is the soul of more than two or three of these Lives. "Now, the Count of Poitiers was one of the most courteous men in the world, and one of the greatest deceivers of ladies"—that is a good quarter of one Life. "His singing was of no great worth, nor was he," declares the biographer of Pevio of Valeria. For that matter, if the singing of the successful troubadours may be fairly judged by the specimens rendered into English by Miss Farnell, it was frequently of no great worth; their lives make better reading. It is rather a pity we can know nothing about the lives or the singing of the unsuccessful ones.

AUTOLYCUS IN THE GARDEN.

Confidences of an Amateur Gardener. By A. M. Dew-Smith. (Seeley & Co.)

The Sibyls who, to the gain of journalism, have these three years been hiding evening after evening beneath the comprehensive pseudonym of "Autolycus," are one by one unmasking. Gradually we are learning to whom we owe the pleasant unconsidered trifles offered daily in the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Colour of Life* made known Mrs. Meynell's participation; *The Diary of a Greedy Woman* revealed Mrs. Pennell as the enthusiastic gastronome; *For Plain Women Only* one discovered Miss Fletcher, or, as she prefers to be called, George Fleming, to be the satirist of her sex; and now from Messrs. Seeley & Co. comes a delightful volume whose title-page informs us that the lady who has been displaying the horticultural side of Autolycus' nature is Mrs. Dew-Smith. These papers she has gathered together under the heading *Confidences of an Amateur Gardener*.

The book is well entitled, for its pages constitute a mirror in which all amateur gardeners will find their true reflection. Not the expert cultivator of roses or orchids; not the wealthy country gentleman who takes prizes vicariously at the local shows; not even the well-informed, experienced tender of a small plot in the suburbs—for these know too much to be amateurs in the sense in which Mrs. Dew-Smith uses the word. According to our view of her position, she means by amateurs a kind of leisurely, interested dabbler among fruit-trees, pots, and beds, who is never so keen upon his work as to refuse to turn aside to watch some simple natural phenomenon, and is ever ready to be entertained rather than engrossed and absorbed by his hobby. To such an one—and there are many—this book will give great pleasure. The writer's observations are all at first hand, and are recorded with no little humour and freshness. She begins at the beginning, with the conversion of a wilderness into a

garden. Henceforward we have her every impression until a certain degree of familiarity with the new world opened to her is reached: her views on sun and rain, on ferns and roses, on bees and poultry, on vegetables and weeds, on orchards and birds, on insects and puppies, and a host of minor incidental matters. As a result the book, though often fanciful, is more practical and comprehensive than Mr. Dudley Warner's *My Summer in a Garden*; and, though often poetical, less imposing and florid than the Laureate's *Garden that I Love*.

Mrs. Dew-Smith has a charming style, or rather manner; she describes and philosophises equally happily. We can recollect reading nowhere else such unaffected speeches as she puts into the mouths of animals, not even in Andersen. Thus, when the poultry were first turned into their new run:

"I never saw anyone with such a self-satisfied proprietary air as the cock. One would have thought he had chosen the site, enclosed the run, and built the hen-house himself and put the straw into the nests with his own hands. He walked the hens round, drawing their attention to the various points and advantages. 'I think you will find the nests most comfortable,' he said, with the air of a landlady showing off her well-aired beds—'clean and well strawed. I am sure there are many hens who would envy you such extremely well-made and convenient boxes for laying eggs in. And one each, as I'm alive! so that there need be no quarrelling.' While he delivered this lecture, the hens all peered into the hen-house over each other's shoulders. He then drew their attention to the soil, scratched up a little of it, and said, 'Very fine soil indeed; plenty of slugs and other interesting objects to be found, with here and there a tuft of grass to whet the beak upon, and stones and grit to aid digestion. Look at it for yourselves, I beg.'"

To anyone who has idled in the country, unhampered by a scientific mind, observing with amused eyes, this passage is comically true.

Mrs. Dew-Smith is perhaps most quotable when she is digressing, and there are portions both of the story of Billikins (a remarkable sparrow) and the accounts of the turbulent puppies and the mouse and the peas which we should like to give. But no matter on what subject she touches, she interests. And the reader is so thoroughly in her confidence, and so much the recipient of confessions as to preferences and dislikes, that the perusal of the book comes to resemble participation in a garden gossip. That Mrs. Dew-Smith is a born gardener is proved by her adventure with the passion flower. It was shooting up without any support, and making a bee-line for the roof. Said its thoughtful mistress, pointing out a post nearby, "Why don't you try to climb up that post? You will find it impossible to reach the roof if you have nothing to hold on to." A little while later the passion flower was found to have taken the hint. Here is a touch of poetry:

"A tall pink hollyhock is like a perfect Idyll—one painted with the delicacy of a Miss Mary Wilkins—whose predominant note is sunshine and delicate colouring. In the cottage garden the Idyll is of dairymaids in pink cotton frocks—of cottage maidens with pink cheeks—

of apple-blossoms in an orchard, and the air is full of the breath of new milk and new-mown hay. In the garden of the rich—for the hollyhock adapts itself to its surroundings wherever it is, and is as much at home in the palace as in the cottage—the Idyll has the formal grace of a minut. Instead of dairymaids it is of men and maidens in periwigs, ruffles, and silken gowns, of terraces with peacocks and clipped yew-rees, and the air is full of lavender and pot-pourri."

We should like to quote much more from this fascinating volume, but it must not be. Here, however, is an open-air *pensée* by way of conclusion: "Birds delight in a shower. It seems to go to their heads." True, and very freshly put.

Prometheus Bound, and Other Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With an Introduction by Alice Meynell. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

This is the new volume of Mr. Clement Shorter's comely and ably edited "Nineteenth Century Classics." Mrs. Meynell's introduction is an interesting tribute by one woman of genius to another, and it is the more interesting and trustworthy in its appreciation, because the quality of the genius in either case is so diverse. Mrs. Meynell has the self-control and verbal fitness which Mrs. Browning lacked; whereas Mrs. Browning—need one say?—possessed the "motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends," which, did Mrs. Meynell, too, possess them, might make her the greatest woman poet in English literature.

With her usual clearness and conciseness of definition, aided by an occasional happily chosen fancy, Mrs. Meynell states in a few calm pages the qualities of Mrs. Browning's excellence, which she believes will justify Robert Browning's prophecy that "her glories will never fade." It is, you gather, a moral, and an emotional excellence, rather than an essentially poetical excellence—

though we must not forget that to have made a literary medium, however imperfect, so alive with such an excellence is in itself a literary success. Of Mrs. Browning's poetical glories, perhaps, all have already faded except her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and a few lyrics, such as "Look in My Face and See" and "A Musical Instrument"; yet, as Mrs. Meynell says, she has other and perhaps nobler glories in her championship of the little children and her passion for Italy. Italy, so changed since the days of her Sibylline enthusiasm, now, in Mrs. Meynell's picturesque image, "a deciduous nation thronging abroad, over seas, and into modernised towns, defeated, like a helpless rout of autumn leaves, hurried by the winds of a national adversity." Elizabeth Barrett Browning's fruitful genius, Mrs. Meynell continues, "her passion for good, her abundance, her nobility, her tenderness, and the strength that was in her impetuous wishes; her sex, her story, her marriage, her public spirit, and her English love of Italy—all together have made her name perpetual."

It is, indeed, rather as a nobly passionate personality than as a poet that she will live in history, by virtue of that "excellence of

sincerity and strength," which Mr. Swinburne and Matthew Arnold both found in Byron—whom by a coincidence of contradiction Mrs. Meynell describes as a "paltry soul, incapable of valuable sincerity."

The reprint of *Prometheus Bound* has a bibliographical interest in that it follows the original text of 1833, which Mrs. Browning altered greatly in later editions. Among the miscellaneous poems are the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "Casa Guidi Windows," and "A Vision of Poets." The volume has for frontispiece a charming portrait of Mrs. Browning, which one is glad to exchange in one's mind for the worn and faded woman in a prim 1850 costume, usually standing in front of her poems.

Fantasies. By Mabel Nembhard. (George Allen.)

THIS little book is full of merit of an uncommon character, and yet we are disappointed with it. The author seems to have been the victim of her own cleverness. She has fancy and invention in abundance; she has a little of the more precious gift, imagination; she has humour and a deft ironical touch; and she admires Hans Andersen. With this equipment Miss Nembhard has produced a collection of nineteen whimsical stories and allegories, which are not better than they are simply because she permitted her belief in the futility of things to overmaster her on the one side, and she has given too little rein to her natural tenderness on the other. For in one who would follow in the footsteps of the immortal Danish writer, tenderness is as necessary as cynicism is superfluous. Now and then Miss Nembhard gives us a perfect piece of Andersen; as in the story of "Edelweiss," one of the prettiest fancies we have met with. Hearing from the wind that the Mountain was lonely, Edelweiss begged to be carried to bear him company. The wind bore her on his wings:

"Meanwhile in the valley, Flora was having the yearly inspection of all the Flowers. 'Where is Edelweiss?' she asked, when she missed her.

"She has gone to live with the Mountain," said the other Flowers. "She heard he was lonely."

"I advised her not to do it," said the Bird. "I went there once and I never shall forget it": and he fell into gloomy abstraction.

"When the inspection was over, Flora went to look for Edelweiss. 'It is too cold for you here,' she said when she had found her; 'you had better let me take you back.'

"I can stand it," said Edelweiss bravely, though she looked terribly pinched and shivering; "and the Mountain likes to have me."

"Well, I will do what I can for you," said Flora, and she gave her a little white fur coat to keep her warm, and this Edelweiss always wears."

In the same class we should place "The Twelfth Mass," though it is more serious. Here we have Miss Nembhard at her best; and it is because she can write as she does and think as she does in these pieces that we protest against the false note struck so often in the others. A fantasy surely is no

place for cheap satire and cynicism. For instance, one story tells how a Naiad fell in love with a torpedo-boat. A river-god, her lover, was jealous.

"He promptly went to see old Neptune, and arrived just at the right moment; Neptune was busy making out a list of the ships that were to be wrecked that autumn. 'Would you kindly include Torpedo-Boat No. 19?' said the River-god."

Neptune did so; but, mistaking 19 for 16, sent the wrong boat to the bottom. He was quick, however, to rectify the mistake. Thus we have two vessels sunk, with all on board drowned, as Miss Nembhard is careful to point out, before the "fantasy" can be completed; which is a brutal proceeding, and contrary to all laws of fantasy-making as we understand them. Between the two extremes represented by our extracts there are many charming and witty ideas, and not a few genuinely poetical and humorous passages, but we feel confident that the work as a whole does not display Miss Nembhard at her best. We hope she will try harder next time, and we want to find her name on another title-page. The kind of writing possible to her is only too rare.

From Batum to Baghdad—via Tiflis, Tabriz, and Persian Kurdistan. By Walter B. Harris. (Blackwood.)

MR. HARRIS has his full share of the pluck and enterprise which are the backbone of the explorer; we have sometimes thought, when reading the books wherein he recounts his adventures, that he only lacks the gift of self-advertisement to take his place among the more conspicuous of modern pioneers. He has, however, not acquired the art of "blowing his own trumpet," at all events, in the key which disguises defects of execution; and the reader who follows Mr. Harris does so only half-conscious that he has a travelling companion at all, so little (in spite of the inevitable *ego* of personal narrative) does the writer's personality obtrude itself. The author's last journey lay through lands little visited by white men; from Batoum—or Batum, as he prefers it—he went by rail to that meeting-place of West and East—Tiflis; and thence, on horseback, by a somewhat indirect, but exceedingly interesting route through Persian Kurdistan *via* Kermanshah to Baghdad. As far as Tabriz he was accompanied only by Mohammed, the Riffi Moor, who followed him on his perilous journey in disguise to Taflet in 1894; from Tabriz he employed another man, a native of that town, who combined the required linguistic capabilities with an exhaustive ignorance of horses and all pertaining thereto, and a terror of strangers which almost amounted to mania. The most interesting portion of the expedition was, undoubtedly, that through Kurdistan; though Yusef, the Tabrizi servant, born and bred in mortal terror of the Kurds, whom he regarded as robbers and cut-throats, did not think so. These half-wild nomads have an exceedingly bad reputation at Tabriz, due in some degree probably to the fact that they are Sunni Moslems, while the towns-

people belong to the Shia sect of the faith. The Persian authorities actually refused Mr. Harris permission to visit the mountainous regions on account of the character of the people; but it was in these rarely visited and inaccessible localities that the enterprising traveller received a welcome more cordial, and hospitality more eager, than had ever been offered him in any country. Mr. Harris formed a much higher opinion of the general intelligence of the Kurds than did the last traveller in their country—Mr. George Curzon. The latter, it may be remembered, describes them as stupid and extraordinarily ignorant; perhaps he lacks the gift which Mr. Harris undoubtedly possesses in marked degree—that of winning the confidence of strangers; but whatever the cause of difference, the author of the book under notice found among Kurds of the better class a general knowledge, breadth of interest, and intelligent curiosity concerning the outer world that fairly astonished him. The accepted fact that migratory peoples as a rule possess wider knowledge and quicker intelligence than stationary tribes, tends to confirm the correctness of Mr. Harris's opinion. The country is often very beautiful, and the author's literary scene-painting is frequently graphic and powerful; but the charm of the book lies in its human interest; the study of his own kind is the author's primary enjoyment; and this we hold the first qualification for authorship of a work on travel in countries known or unknown. This journey was, of course, neither so dangerous nor so exciting as that made by Mr. Harris in the guise of an Arab donkey-driver to Taflet; but it has furnished him with material for a book which is equally readable and instructive.

The Kipling Birthday Book. (Macmillans.)

THE making of birthday books is a very simple industry. Having decided upon the author who is to supply the sentiment—and one is almost as serviceable as another, since it is difficult to write a single paragraph however commonplace which contains nothing detachable, and which, when isolated, will not have at any rate the appearance of wisdom—having then first caught the author, nothing more is wanted than an eye and a pen. To make 365 extracts (or, for the benefit of leap year, 366) is as easy as not buying a comic paper, and to apportion to each a day is equally facile. The birthday book is then made, and readers are now and again enlivened by happy conjunctions of sentiment and date. To these remarks we are impelled by a glance at *The Kipling Birthday Book*, compiled by Mr. Joseph Finn, whom we suspect to be an American. To our mind, which is (perhaps unreasonably) hostile to Birthday Books of any kind whatever, this is a maddening little volume. To find Mr. Kipling, whom we honour and delight in, served up in snippets torn bleeding from their context, is a perpetual irritation. We get almost into the condition of gentle Alice Brown in the Bab ballad, who much as she loved her winking young admirer in his compact and individual form, cared very little for him when chopped

extremely small. Judging, however, from the point of view of the friends of this "sport" of literature, we should call *The Kipling Birthday Book* quite successful. Now and then, it is true, there seems little reason for a quotation, but in the main good-humour will be promoted by the selection.

Impressions and Experiences. By William D. Howells. (Douglas.)

MR. HOWELLS's experiences are of bad dreams and the giving of charity; his impressions include the slums and police-courts of New York, a Saratoga summer hotel, and the printing-office of a country newspaper. It is needless to say, considering who is the author, that on all these subjects he writes with distinction, and with a sympathetic and fine observation. Frankly, however, we do not think that Mr. Howells is quite in his own element when doing this kind of work. The nice analysis and subtle discrimination which he applies with such effect to the mental processes of a highly complex type of humanity fail him somewhat when the problem is to produce a vivid impression of cruder and more salient aspects of existence. The horrors and humours of the New York streets, for instance, demand the treatment of a more emphatic—a more lurid pen. The most amusing paper in the volume is that called "The Closing of the Hotel," though even here one feels that the subject would have lent itself much better to handling in another fashion by someone who is not so afraid of exaggeration as Mr. Howells is—someone who would break out from time to time into a jolly Falstaffian laugh.

Modern Greek Mastery. By Thomas L. Stedman. (Harper & Brothers.)

MANY men, as the author of this book says, from Voltaire to Blackie, have urged not only that the approach to ancient Greek should be through modern Greek, as the foreigner approaches Chaucer through the daily paper, but that modern Greek should be adopted as the international language among scholars and scientific men. In England, at least, it must be confessed, the idea has not been greeted with much enthusiasm. The Greek scholar who can read Plato "with his feet on the fender," can dig the meaning from a Greek newspaper without much difficulty, and can infer that *σιδηρόδρομοι* are railway trains, and that *τὸ ποδηλατεῖν* is bicycling. But he is disinclined to treat with respect a language which has cast away its ancient delicacies of mood and tense, and, at all events, so far as popular usage is concerned, has substituted Turkish barbarisms for words "like the gossamer film of summer." For all that, we must accept things as they are, modern Greek among them. And though we would not go so far as to recommend the learner to reach Homer through the Athenian leader-writer, we can assure our readers that Mr. Stedman has made it easy for those who know ancient Greek to understand its degenerate descendant.

FICTION.

Below the Salt. By C. E. Raimond. (Heinemann.)

THE expectation with which we opened this book was in a measure disappointed. The expectation, we hasten to add, was high. "C. E. Raimond" has written two good books: *The New Moon*, which was a study of the pitiful, blind irony possible in domestic life, well conceived and artistically expressed, and *George Manderille's Husband*, a fierce, even a brutal satire, but keen and most finely finished—in short, a rare book altogether. *Below the Salt* falls short, to our mind, of *The New Moon*, and is altogether inferior to *George Manderille's Husband*. It is possible that in a way the subject influenced our judgment. We are sorry, but we cannot help it; we do not find the lives of servants an agreeable subject. The constant petty dependence on the smaller wishes of other people is wearisome to study, and in this case that element is increased by the fact that the "masters" and "mistresses" are almost invariably stupid and vulgar; you are compelled to look at the characters of the servants from the point of view of the narrow sympathies and underbred prejudices of the people who are made to discourse of them—people who are without the elementary qualification for the discussion, forgetfulness of class "superiority." "Vroni," for example, an extremely clever study of a German girl, was almost spoiled for us by the tone of contemptuous indulgence in which the person who is supposed to tell her story speaks of her. We admit that this may be of purpose, that a contrast may be intended between the humanity and imagination of the girl and the limitations of her employers; but the irritation of the effect spoils the contemplation. All the stories are well written, and in all of them there is, in some degree, the "sense of tears in human things." But we cannot say we think they are worthy—in conception at least—of the author's previous work. At the same time, they are far better than such stories are wont to be. There is no trace of that satisfaction with superficial observation—the meaningless record of daily tasks and uneducated speech—which commonly condemns stories of servant-life. They are matter-of-fact, it is true, altogether without the triumphant exaggeration with which Thackeray wrote of servants, or the triumphant idealisation of Disraeli. But if they are not triumphant, they are sure: they go far into character, and at least two of them are informed with that moral idea which Mr. George Moore declares essential to great fiction.

Limitations. By E. F. Benson. (Innes & Co.)

It is by no means an unmixed advantage for a young writer to take the world by storm with his first book. Mr. Benson's *Dodo* was a success beyond the measure of its merits, partly by virtue of its real fun and sparkle, partly through the less legitimate attractions, ascribed to it by

fame, of a *roman à clef*. It left Mr. Benson with the booksellers at his feet. He missed the discipline of failure; a few rejected MSS., with the introspection which they involve, would have taught him how to write, and how to put together a story. He has undeniable brains, if he knew how to use them; but in *Limitations* he has produced a book the whole of which is badly constructed, and a large part of which is dull. It opens well enough with some lively witty talk at Cambridge. The humour is very "new" and savours of the undergraduate "score"; but it is amusing for all that. Evidently, however, it has been rather a strain upon Mr. Benson to keep it up, and we doubt whether he is aware how much it throws the serious dialogue out of focus. For the book is not essentially a comedy. The hero, Tom Carlingford, who has declined to read for his *Tripos*, because he hates scholiasts and means to be a sculptor, leaves Cambridge to study the antique *in situ* at Athens. Here Mr. Benson has his opportunity for some really good descriptions of Greek scenery. But, unfortunately, you cannot make a novel out of a pepper-pot full of epigrams and a nice touch in verbal landscape; and for about half the book we fail entirely to get interested in Tom Carlingford and his attempts to attain to a view of life, and his stumblings over the well-worn antithesis between realism and idealism in plastic art. At last Mr. Benson gets a firmer grip on his puppets. Tom marries—the wrong sort of woman, a saintly Philistine—and a pathetic theme of incompatible ideals and warring personalities presents itself, which is handled well enough for a time, and then unaccountably dropped. The end is provoking. Tom surrenders his ideals not because they are conquered by his wife's, but because he loses his money, and has to supply the dealers with impossible statuettes for bread-and-butter. This motive appears to us parasitic and an unnecessary complication in the evolution of a good situation. The minor characters are shadowy and incomplete. Mr. Benson has his ideas about them, but he seems only able to indicate them and not to work them out. The chief feminine interest is in Maud Wrexham, who is not Tom's wife. She strikes us as a failure. Mr. Benson does not appear to have got hold of her, and she does not get hold of us or convince us in the least. Mr. Benson disappoints us; but we have not yet lost faith in him. He is neither cynical nor coarse, which is something now-a-days; and we believe that if he will give some time to the study of technique, he will yet gratify us with a really good novel.

The Carissima: a Modern Grotesque. By Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)

We doubt whether this latest product of her clever pen will add to Lucas Malet's reputation: a good deal is demanded from the author of *Colonel Enderby's Wife*.

The story, as told to the writer by Anthony Hammond, one of the characters, is briefly this: Leversedge, journeying alone

across the South African veldt, came upon the remains of a caravan; the sole survivor was a small cur, which had prolonged its nasty existence by battenning on the body of a baby. He fired twice; but disgust had upset his nerves, and the bullets only severed the cord which fastened the dog to a cart; whereupon Leversedge galloped away, and the dog galloped with him. Thenceforth he was haunted intermittently by the dog's ghost, illuminated by "two glowing green discs a trifle bigger than a sixpence." In Europe the Carissima, beautiful offspring of a rat-faced father and a moon-clock mother, received him as her affianced; and presently they were all together in an hotel beside a beautiful azure lake, "turned up with a most delectable bottle-green at the edges." But her imagination, which served the Carissima for a heart, had wandered from Leversedge, and she gave Hammond to understand that if—. Then Hammond was upon thorns, for her dewy lips showed a "fascinating sketch of a kiss." But while he hesitated, and wished he were not a gentleman, the Carissima showed her shoe beneath her dainty gown. It was wide, easy, trodden over, and the square toe "turned badly heavenward"; and by this sign he knew very well that he had not found the One Woman: so the Carissima half-married Leversedge. And there we may leave them, on the verge of a catastrophe.

Is the sub-title an afterthought? Did the author, failing the effect she had set out to produce, yield petulantly to her evil genius, and frankly label her title-page with her own criticism? For, as the story moves on, the weird parents become less and less credible; there ceases to be any semblance of sincerity in the portrayal of the heroine, with her sham culture and second-hand intellectual frippery; the oleaginous journalist, with his stage tricks, talks more and more like a phonograph; and even Leversedge loses substance and proportion. It would seem as though their creator, disappointed with her creatures, had given them over recklessly to the whimsies of her fantastic imagination.

The Rogues March. By E. W. Hornung. (Cassell.)

MR. HORNUNG is rapidly winning recognition as a man of mark among the younger writers of fiction. His latest book is a study of a system, something in the manner of the lamented Charles Reade. It is not quite as practical in its purpose as the romances of that powerful and polemical free-lance were wont to be, for it deals with the penal laws which were in force in the thirties and forties, and which have long been superseded by the present more humane code. Mr. Hornung has industriously gathered material from Blue-books, calendars, broadsheets, and similar sources; and this, together with his own knowledge of Australian life and scenery, have supplied him with sufficient erudition to give his story an effective setting. The outline of it is briefly this. An innocent man is condemned for murder, reprieved, and sent to Botany Bay. Under the malign influences of Newgate and the convict

settlements his character deteriorates, and before his innocence is declared he has become a criminal indeed. Herein, we suppose, lies the moral of the piece. Mr. Hornung has certainly a gift of narrative, and the first half of the book, at least, strikes us as capital. The circumstantial evidence is ingeniously put together; the identity of the actual murderer is skilfully concealed, although, perhaps, the discovery comes too late to be really dramatic; and the tale of Tom Erichsen's flight from the police and his ultimate capture by the humourist of Twickenham is vividly and vigorously told.

Andria. By Percy White. (Heinemann.)

In *Andria* Mr. Percy White has given us what might be called a problem novel, if it were less interesting as a story. *Andria* is a high-spirited, high-born maiden, who disposes of some of her superfluous energy in an art school. The problem is to get *Andria* happily married. She refuses a fashionable portrait painter, her art teacher, and a long-limbed 'Varsity athlete. Then she meets Otway, an Oxford don, whose *Society and Civilisation* she has read and admired.

"*Andria* was proud of her beauty; often, indeed, delighted with its luxuriant impressions flashed back to her eyes by the mirror; but she resented the sensuous appraisement of it which she sometimes read in the coarse faces of loose-lipped men. Such tributes revolted her. But with *Otway* it was very different. On his ascetic and passionless face such a look was impossible."

Andria, the vivid, the exuberant, whom her brother jestingly calls, in spite of her artistic aspirations, "a splendid animal," marries *Otway* the ascetic, the passionless. Now here we have a situation which, in the hands of an unskillful writer, might easily become offensive. But Mr. White has the skill to treat a delicate subject with delicacy. Indeed, it is probable that the careless or the inexperienced reader would finish the story without coming upon the kernel of the plot, the ending of which is both natural and happy.

Jerry the Dreamer. By Will Payne. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. PAYNE'S manner is to trouble himself little about the weaving of a plot. In this book a man just comes journalising from the derelict country town, his birthplace, now grown too strait for him; he meets, tremulously woos, and fearfully weds Georgia House, sole daughter of a judge—no less; and they live, not happily nor miserably, but just humanly, for a little while, and, as it happens, are left living. The story *quod* story is jejune enough, and unfinished at that, but two creatures have been fashioned, and into them their author has breathed the breath of life. Fragile and faulty as they may be, he never apologises for them, never seeks to justify their antics or to reconcile their inconsistencies. The man was just thus and thus, he points out to us—could sacrifice his leisure to a social cause in which he believed, and write it down in the *Evening Call* to earn dollars; could pretend to justify himself, and be

consciously a Judas the while. The two of them are very human and very lovable. The little American girl has real charm. In her womanliness, her gaiety, her yearning for innocent pleasures, her habitual trustfulness—in her occasional lapses upon an unreasonableness that has survived all the advantages of a Transatlantic education, she is delightful.

"To be in a beer garden, Sunday night," Georgia replied—"with a newspaper reporter!" she added to Jerry. "Let's have some beer in those big stone mugs with pewter covers. Can we?" "Certainly," said Jerry—"in fact, it comes cheaper that way." "But I guess we'd best not," she said hastily, after a glance about; "all the nicest women seem to be taking theirs in glasses." When the waiter was despatched with the order, she said, with lingering regret: "It looks a good deal more beery in the mugs, though."

This was in the early days of their married life. With a sure hand the author presently develops her in a new relation: the mother is a just sequel to the maid and the wife. One would like to hear more of several minor characters, and notably of the provincial editor, who "was addicted to plug tobacco and sedentary ways. Without anybody saying so, the impression prevailed that he sat so much because he could chew better that way." The book stands above the average level.

Lady Levallion. By George Widdrington. (Henry & Co.)

MR. GEORGE WIDDINGTON has fettered his very considerable talents as a novelist by a hidebound and old-fashioned plot. Upon his background of modern worldlings, paradoxical, flippant, nineteenth century, men and women all of them, he has attempted to impose a violent love affair between a passionate widow and a *blase* man. The result is the old result of the parable. The new patch tears away from the old garment and the rent is made worse. In other words, Mr. Widdrington's plot and Mr. Widdrington's characters are not in harmony. His plot belongs to the bad old days, before *ennui* and the end of the century had begotten the "apathy" of the present, as the Stoics called it. His heroine screws up a bunch of flowers in her fingers without knowing it in the tumult of her emotions, till they come out as one long green string. This is our friend the stage heroine, tearing a passion and a handkerchief to tatters. No woman in modern life ever screws up flowers in her fingers, even under extreme provocation. Mr. Widdrington has a pretty wit in his way, and he reproduces the flashy, paradoxical nonsense of a modern drawing-room too well not to use his power. Therefore, the only chance for him was to choose another plot. We would earnestly counsel him to read the novels of Mr. W. E. Norris before he writes another book. In him he will find the purely modern character wedded to the purely modern plot, so that the result is not a patchwork, but a single fabric. His characters are of like passions to ourselves. His incidents have the same restraint. They belong to a world whose people no longer fight duels and seldom

punch each other's heads. Whereas, at any moment in *Lady Levallion* one expects to hear of fisticuffs. Mr. Norris's characters, in fact, are flesh and blood, Mr. Widdrington's only fleshy and bloody. There is all the difference between the two. But *Lady Levallion* contains good things nevertheless, and we look for better work from its author in the future.

The Mystery of Elias G. Roebuck, and Other Stories. By W. L. Alden. (Innes & Co.)

"JOHNSTON"—one of Mr. Alden's characters—

"had not imagination enough to invent an untruth. That is the reason why he failed both as a journalist and a politician, and has now become a writer of thoughtful and didactic novels."

On the ground of mere invention, Mr. Alden should shine in journalism and politics: we do not know that he would succeed in the writing of thoughtful and didactic novels, but he has imagination, abundant and overflowing. He has, too, a distinct gift of storytelling: he could not write an uninteresting story if he tried. Mr. Alden's humour is fresh and spontaneous, and it is employed with restraint. Very often it is humour of phrase rather than of subject. In one of the sea stories (which are perhaps the most thoroughly successful of all), part of a ship's company is wrecked on an island—"seven souls and a Chinaman." At night the crew were disturbed by mysterious sounds. Someone wanted to set a watch against supposititious savages: but the reckless narrator refused to be troubled. "You can take all night on deck if you want to," he said, "but I'm going to sleep, and the man that wakes me up will be sorry he wasn't brained quiet and comfortable by cannibals." The noise turned out, so the narrator says, to be supernatural, and the island and the tale are christened "Ghost Island." It may not be comedy of the highest order, but it is interesting—an agreeable book from one cover to the other.

Uncanny Tales. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Hutchinson.)

THE half-dozen stories which make up this volume are of unequal merit, and the best—"Will Not Take Place"—is not "uncanny" at all. But when Mrs. Molesworth desires, like a certain classical personage, to "make your flesh creep," the means by which she seeks and attains that end are legitimate and commendable. There is nothing in the book that is grisly or repellent (except, perhaps, the cover), and yet the sense of uncanniness is once or twice very successfully aroused. Sometimes this is done rather wantonly. In "Half-way between the Stiles," for instance, there is no question of ghostly visitation; and in "The Clock that Struck Thirteen" this uncanniness neither helps the story nor justifies itself in any other way. It is an eerie nothing, introduced for the mere fun of the thing. But the first tale, "The Shadow on the Moonlight," is a thoroughly good ghost story. Mrs. Molesworth is mistaken in supposing "blizzard" to be a new word. It has been traced to a most respectable antiquity.

POETRY.

The Scales of Heaven. Poems Narrative, Legendary, and Meditative, with a few Sonnets. By Frederic Langbridge. (Elliot Stock.)

M R. LANGBRIDGE writes a very pretty Preface. To the "little world which eares" he gives, as he there tells us, "his housemate thoughts—the thoughts which have eaten my bread and have sat before my fire for many a long year." He has lived his book before he wrote it; "and in writing it I have dipped my pen in something besides ink." The things he would like his readers to find in his verses are "a tolerance stumbling at nothing," not even at intolerance! and "a faith which realises behind the clouds and thick darkness a divine face." Mr. Langbridge, who does not use on his title-page the prefix of reverend to his name, is a clergyman, and not a line in his poems is at war with his pious profession. The note of the volume is religious; and yet the verses have in them some of that new spirit which has lately moved the waters of religious verse. In Mr. Langbridge we have a compost of Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Francis Thompson, and the Sunday-school teacher. He has felt and lived these things, and has given them an expression which will reach where other voices soar too high. To recognise the divine in the human—that has been the note of many modern masters of song; no new doctrine certainly, since it is as old as the Incarnation, and is the secret at the heart of nearly every dogma of religion; and yet, for all that, a doctrine which has still to be realised by the great mass of believers. Mr. Langbridge says his say in six lines:

"DEITY.

" 'A fallen world,' ye cry, 'a ruined race,'
Moaning for aye your weary Ichabod.
For me the hedgerow flameth: I abase
My soul in every street to walk unshod,
And, smiled on by a baby's tender face,
I veil my eyes before the Incarnate God.'

Again, a more human voice, and, therefore, as these poets would infer, a more divine one than has often sounded from sacrataries, is to be heard in the verses with which Mr. Langbridge brings his volume to a close:

"A LAST WORD.

" 'All roadways,' said the Roman pride,
'All roadways lead to Rome';
Perchance, howe'er men's paths divide,
At last they bring them home.

"I have not known of mortal mould
A wretch so fell and grim,
But when the story all was told
I needs must weep with him.

"Time takes my strength, but gives my pen
A wider range and scope:
I view the heaven-swayed lives of men
With endless trust and hope.

"No more I label, sort, define
God's dealings deep and dread:
I raise to heaven these eyes of mine,
And all my creed is said.'

We make no excuse, after the terms of his Preface, for treating Mr. Langbridge as

teacher first and master of technicality afterwards. Yet that concession does not entirely favour him; for he has better poetry than that just quoted for its sentiment. Indeed, the workmanship is often of a high order, as, for instance, in "How Pilate Washed his Hands." That poem, however, contains the only actual slip of language we can allege against Mr. Langbridge. It is Pilate who says:

" 'And I will wash my hands, I vow,
Seven times seven each day.'

The error of omitting the second "times" was a facile one to fall into; and so Pilate washed forty-nine (a sort of extended "No. 1" it might be), instead of himself seven-times-seven times. Mr. Langbridge may comfort himself by reflecting that the most accurate of writers of English, Lord Tennyson, fell into an answeringly impermissible elision, which remains to this day unnoted and uncorrected in his text:

" 'How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall.'

The "missing word" *on*—"on those *on* whom their favours fall"—cannot by any poet's license be spared or "understood." Of Mr. Langbridge's diction as a whole, one may question whether it is quite so happily suited to religious subjects as it is to those random verses of his which have delighted readers in the past. Mr. Langbridge does well to give his Muse to "Esau and the Angels"; but he did even better to give her of old to the incomparable Miss Delancey, for instance, the Pantomime "Demon of the Pit."

Songs from the Greek. Translated by Jane Minot Sedgwick. (John Lane.)

Schiller's Lay of the Bell. Translated by A. G. Foster-Barham. With Illustrations by W. Allison Phillips. (Fisher Unwin.)

Choice Poems of Heinrich Heine. Translated by J. W. Oddie, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. (Macmillans.)

BETWEEN Greek and English is an affinity much greater than that between German and English. This may sound paradoxical to some, but not to those who are familiar with poetry done into English from the German and done into English from the Greek. Why is Schiller always a little common, and Heine just a little ridiculous, in English dress? Not, assuredly, for want of skill on the part of many translators. Both Mr. Oddie and Mr. Foster-Barham, in the books before us, have done their work as experts; yet we can find nothing in them to ring really in English ears—no, not even Schiller's "Bell":

" In its hidden cell
Lies the mould of clay,
Haste, companions, for the Bell
Must be born to-day!
From heated brow
The sweat must flow.
To the Master praise be given;
But the blessing comes from Heaven."

It is just that otherwise indefinable blessing from Heaven, by the way, that seems to be withheld from German Englished.

We turn to Mr. Oddie's volume, where the title of the section, "Romances," is alluring:

"MOUNTAIN ECHO.

" In mournful stillness rides a knight,
Through the deep vale's concave;
'Ah, do I now fare to my darling's arms,
Or do I but go to the darksome grave?
The echo answer gave—
'The darksome grave!'

" As ever onward rides the knight,
His mournful sighs increase;
'Find I, so soon, in the grave release,
Ah, well, the grave brings peace!'
Nor did the echo cease—
'The grave brings peace.'

" Down from the cavalier's cheek, for grief,
A tear-drop rolled and fell;
'Is there only rest in the grave for me?
To me, then, the grave comes well.'
The echoes hollow swell—
'The grave comes well.'"

Even the romance, as made in Germany, has dwindled into mere sentimentality in brief space of time and travel. But these *Songs from the Greek* are brave as ever, and the epigram has not turned to a witless thing. Sophocles, singing nearly five hundred years before Christ, sings to us still from the *Antigone*, in a woman's translation:

" Love, who winnest the battle and warrest
against the great,
Who in the soft cheek of a maiden holdest
thy secret state,
Thou passest through fields and forests, and
over the depths of the sea,
And none of the blessed immortals may hope
for escape from thee,
Nor mortal men; but thy victims are crazed
exceedingly.

" Thou turnest the souls of the righteous to
evil, shame, and disgrace;
Thou stirrest up strife and discord among
men of kindred race;
The clear bright eye of a woman, kindling
into desire,
Shall still prevail, O Love! for no laws than
thine are higher,
And the laughter of Aphrodite is fraught with
misfortune dire."

Poems. By Louisa Shore. (John Lane.)

To these poems the writer's surviving sister, Miss Arabella Shore, contributes a "Memoir," and Mr. Frederic Harrison an "Appreciation." Perhaps the "Appreciation" is explained by the closing sentence of the "Memoir," to the effect that some of the poems, "printed first for private circulation," have been "much used in Positivist circles." They are now offered to the public—a whole offering, we suppose, for together with the prefaces they are a sacrifice of over two hundred pages. Much facility in metre and rhyme Miss Shore brought to the expression of her very just and entirely correct thoughts; and the literary friends and acquaintances—Brownings among them—to whom she forwarded copies were able to give in reply flattering opinions, which she prized, and which, perhaps, made her a little ambitious to go before the public. Yet one cannot but notice that the memoir itself is fitted for friends

rather than for strangers. How else shall we account for such a passage as this?

"Only once, when an irresistible outpouring of her deeper thoughts by letter to one, a *littérateur* in whose intellectual sympathy she believed, was met by what seemed to be a cold repulse, and a fondly nursed hope thereby destroyed, did she show that she was wounded. But all that occurred was that her bright colour fled, she turned quite pale, and said in a faint voice: 'I have not deserved this!'"

Such a story tells too much or it tells too little, and, either way, is told too melodramatically. If we are to judge, we must have the documents or know the persons: having neither, we feel that we are trifled with, and not very prettily trifled with at that. Of the poems, Mr. Frederic Harrison praises the "Elegies" most of all, and he hall-marks some "truly grand lines" by saying that they "were inspired by the same thought that created the well-known poem of George Eliot, which opens thus: 'O, may I join the choir invisible.'" And that they "recall also the fine lines on the same motive by Margaret Woods, 'Praise to the unknown dead.'" But Mr. Harrison thinks Miss Shore's lines, the originality of which he frankly gives away, are superior to George Eliot's, not only in "force and fervour," but also in "sincerity." We do not agree with the preference, but we have not heart to quote from poems which must be quoted at length, if at all. This, however, we will say, that it was not necessary to insist on Miss Shore's sincerity at the expense of George Eliot's—we question neither. And it is a satisfaction to feel that Miss Shore, whether she does or does not gain the ear of the casual reader, has had already a recognition she would value fifty times more, for we have the authority of Mr. Frederic Harrison—unimpeachable on this point—for saying that "three of her poems have been inserted in the hymn-book styled *The Service of Man*."

Poems of Love and Life. By G. Colmore. (Gay & Bird.)

MRS. COLMORE has a sweet and gentle, though no very near, friendship with the Muses. She sings of Love and Life—synonymous things in the creed of poets. Their doctrine it is that men and women may exist and walk about and talk and eat, but are not really alive unless they are in love with somebody or something. Mrs. Colmore's evidence is negatively similar. Her note is that of lost love, which has left to survivors a life hardly worth the living. It has its one poor consolation, however—the supposed indifference, or incapacity, of the dead to see the beloved's grieving:

"I wonder if, through all the days to come,
If I should pray
Long-kneeling hours to God to let you stay
In spirit near me in our empty home
Grown wearisome,
I wonder would He grant me in His power
Out of each lingering year one little hour?
"If that might be, I could—ah, no! ah, no!
My selfish heart
Had quite forgotten that its only part
Of sweetness is to know you cannot know
I sorrow so."

These lines are from the long poem entitled "Husband and Wife," in which Mrs. Colmore is at her best. In such poems as "On the Pavement" and "In a Cell"—the first is explained by its title, and the second is the soliloquy of a mother who has murdered her bastard child—Mrs. Colmore touches on phases of the social problem, and not rashly. The facts, as they are in life, are indelicate certainly; but not Mrs. Colmore's mention of them. Yet inexplicable persons there are to whom the facts are not shocking, but only the statement of them; to whom the eighty thousand "on the pavement" in London alone, or twice that reputed number, make "no goblin of the sun," as Rossetti saw it, and who yet are shocked and shamed by any telling of the ghastly tale in print. To her father and to her husband, both among the dead, Mrs. Colmore dedicates the sentiments which she was happy to learn from them, and the verses in which she has expressed them:

"My best; because, though glory stand apart,
I bring, if not a gift of golden grain,
If not a fairy fancy of the brain,
At least a sacred service of the heart."

We are very sure that she does that.

English Historical Plays. Edited by T. Donovan. (Macmillans.)

THE idea of being able to read up three centuries of English history from a succession of the finest Elizabethan historical plays is certainly an inviting one, and Mr. Donovan is to be congratulated upon his endeavour. Certainly no method of gaining a knowledge of English history could be more enchanting, although possibly a little erroneous. The playwright is so apt to prefer that which is dramatic to that which is true. There are, however, many persons who cut no small figure in the world who have learned no history outside of the Lyceum. For Mr. Donovan's ill-success in his present attempt he is only in part responsible. The result of his labours, however, reminds one of nothing so much as of some early picture, where the sentiment is admirable, and where the figures are each of them well, if somewhat stiffly, drawn, but lamentably deficient when taken in relation to one another and to perspective. We cannot imagine anything more disastrous to a knowledge of the relative importance of two reigns, than to read Marlowe's "Edward II." after Peele's "Edward I.," or Shakespeare's "Richard II." after the pseudo-Shakespearian "Edward III." In opposition to Mr. Donovan and some critics, we venture to think it grossly improbable that the last-named play was ever written by Shakespeare, and the very fact of its containing lines like "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds," the ending of his ninety-fourth sonnet, render it far more likely—in spite of its early date—that it was the work of some admiring pupil, than that of the master himself. The fact that, in so far as we are able to judge, these literary perversions of some of our noblest dramas are excellently arranged for the stage, hardly, in our eyes, justifies a total absence of any introduction or notes.

POETS' CORNER.

M R. WILLIAM WATSON came to town from Bournemouth on Monday to be under Mr. Atkinson's skilful treatment for his sprain. It is his right and writing arm that is injured; and the fact that it still continues to give him trouble is the concern, not only of himself and of his friends, but of a large outer public of readers.

MRS. HARRISON, who writes *The Carissima* as "Lucas Malet," is a great lover of the poetry of her father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley. When she is at home, she is on ground he has made familiar; for her husband is the rector of Clovelly. But Mrs. Harrison, who is not at all robust in health, has lately been to Australia, on a visit to her brothers, one of whom, Maurice, is called after the "F. D. M." of Tennyson's well-known lines. Mrs. Harrison is not the only daughter of a poet who has won a name among living novelists. The author of *Christina North*, also married to a clergyman, is a daughter of the late Sir Henry Taylor, whose *Philip Van Artevelde* took its place as a classic during its author's lifetime; and K. Douglas King, to whose *Scripture Reader of St. Mark's the Nineteenth Century* makes its bow this month, is the daughter of Mrs. Hamilton King, author of *The Disciples*.

Two poems by Charlotte Brontë are to be published for the first time in a magazine next month. Although the occasions which called them forth—the deaths of her sisters Emily and Anne—were such as racked her soul to its foundations, the poems themselves are tame in spirit and untouched by any poignant quality of emotion. What Charlotte Brontë had to say about those tragedies she said greatly in prose, so greatly, indeed, that one would be surprised if another medium could be found to serve her purpose equally well. She, herself, was conscious of the failure, for she refused to publish the verses. As relics we may respect them now; and as proofs that what is really fit for prose will never excel in verse, and that the functions of poet and of prose-writer are not interchangeable, they have a message for a generation far too oblivious to the boundaries set eternally between the arts.

WITHOUT going indiscreetly into figures, we may say generally that *The Seven Seas* will bring to Mr. Rudyard Kipling a larger pecuniary return than has been brought by any one volume to any author now living. Though the circulation of poetry to-day is far larger than in the days of Scott and Byron, the proportional reduction of price takes away from that larger popularity all advantages to the author. Scott had a thousand guineas for *Marmion*. The first edition consisted of two thousand copies at a guinea and a half each; and thirty thousand copies of a cheaper issue were sold before the poem passed into the author's collected edition. It might be worth while, perhaps, for the publishers to try a first edition of a thousand copies of the next Kipling poetry-book at a guinea each, in the interest of the poet.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

MR. KIPLING AS JOURNALIST.

BY ONE OF HIS EDITORS.

KIPLING has said that he who has once been a journalist remains a journalist to the end. He said this in a semi-autobiographical sense. But when a man has reached the point of having it even rumoured that syndicates are formed to buy his MSS. at the rate of so much a word the mill of daily journalism must go round without him.

But once Kipling was a journalist to the marrow; and there was real pathos in his parting with the "rag"—in India which he had for years done so much to adorn. When, too, after fame was his, and America and England competed for his copy, he sent many a sketch in his best vein to the old paper at the old low rate of pay. The early hours of the first morning of his flying return visit to Lahore, his *City of Two Creeds*, saw him, for sheer love of the old work, sitting in the familiar office chair, correcting the same old proofs on the same old yellow paper, with Mian Rukhn-ud-din, the Muhammadan foreman printer, flying round the press with green turban awry, informing all the hands that "Kuppuleen Sahib" had returned. And there his old editor found him when he came to office. But those times are not now.

Lahore, however, stands where it did. Two-and-a-half days' journey up-country from Bombay you will find the many-mosqued capital of the armed Punjab, and there on the right-hand side of the broad Mall, embowered in siris and peepul trees, behind a lawn studded with palms and Bougainvillas, whose planting Kipling helped to superintend, a large building bears across its front the legend: "The Civil and Military Gazette Press." There Kipling worked for years, and before that, when the *Civil and Military Gazette* was still a losing venture, he had worked for it also in humbler premises, near the native city, where the Eurasians live in dark-verandahed bungalows, and where the native pleader bargains with his clients.

As a boy from school, Kipling was brought out to India, and began at once to earn his modest monthly wage at the bottom of the ladder of Anglo-Indian journalism. Newspaper work in India is carried on by three classes of men. The natives—Hindu, Muhammadan, and Sikh—labour side by side in setting up the type and working the machines. Eurasians and domiciled British subjects supply the staff of "readers"; while the comparatively expensive, because imported, Anglo-Indians fill the editorial staff. And who are the shorthand reporters and sub-editors? In Kipling's day the up-country newspaper had none. The editorial staff, comprising two men, did the entire work of getting out the daily paper; and if you want to know how Kipling worked, as one of the two men who produced the *Civil and Military Gazette* daily, with its seven pages of reading matter and seven of advertisements, you could not do better than turn into that large double bungalow on the Lahore Mall and ask cheery Mian Rukhn-ud-din, the Muhammadan foreman printer; ask Bhai Pertab Singh, the loyal and orthodox Sikh book-keeper; ask Babu Hakim Ali, the courteous Moslem clerk, to whom was entrusted the task of pasting Kipling's printed work into volumes—for from the earliest days Kipling had the careful habits that so seldom accompany genius such as his; ask Habibulla, the willing chaprassi, on whose head Kipling's office box came and went daily. They will tell you how Kipling worked. As a journalist, he was the man whom all editors seek and few find. He was a staff in himself. He distrusted his own powers, it is true, so much that to demand a leading article from him filled him with anguish. He said it was "above him"; and he scarcely wrote five in as many years. But for every other kind of work, from writing editorial "notes" to putting side-heads to paragraphs, or reporting a police-court case, he was as willing as he was gifted. To every grade of work he brought a brilliance of happy thought which placed his topic in its brightest light, a dead-sure aim with words which made his headlines fit his matter with that complete aptness which satisfies the editorial heart; a command of abrupt turns of expression which supplied humorous side-headings to small paragraphs in such taking ways that the reader could not help but read; but more than all, he exhibited a conscientious industry and an inexhaustible pluck in his work which made his friends many times fear that the quick wheels of his mind would one day whirr and stop. He went near to it once or twice. There are nights in the Punjab when the rains are delayed and the thermometer ranges about 100 degrees day and night;

when the day's waking thoughts of a busy brain twist themselves into torturing nightmares in those stifling hours that precede the dawn, and the dawn brings no relief. Such nights there were in 1887, and the English-speaking world then went near to losing Kipling before it had heard of him.

But he never slackened in his work, of which on "high-collar" days there was more than enough. A "high-collar" day, it may be explained, was one on which no telegrams from England were received before going to press, and editorial "Notes of the Day" had to be written to fill the column which the telegrams should have occupied, thus bringing the editorial matter close up to the head (like a high collar) of the first column. At other times a multiplicity of telegrams crowded out so many "Notes of the Day" that several of these, dealing with cognate subjects, had to be strung together into what Kipling called "patent seamless" leaders. Outside contributors to papers in India nearly all belong to the civil or military services, and their contributions were often bald in style, though welcome for the information they contained. Adding the few lines of comment to qualify their contributions to be used as notes Kipling described as "fitting on the whip lash"; and his were always neatly tied and keen in application.

The heaviest and most distasteful burden that Kipling bore in those journalistic days was the Blue-Book. At certain seasons of the year the Government of India issues a stream of official reports. This flux of "Blue-Books" has been not inaptly compared to a swarm of white ants issuing from an old beam of wood. It is the duty of the painstaking Anglo-Indian journalist to catch these reports as they come, dissect, boil down, and serve them up with such literary garnishing as may tempt the appetite of the capricious reader. Forestry, Police, Jails, Registration, Education, Public Works, &c.—each with its pages of statistics—come as the driest of grist to the mill, and no small portion of Kipling's working hours was devoted to the grinding thereof. Even genius cannot build in marble with mere bricks; but Kipling often went near to converting Government reports into interesting and picturesque narrative. Besides this, a great deal of sub-editor's work necessarily fell to his share when the entire drudgery of the daily paper had to be done by two men. He was an adroit wielder of scissors and pastebrush, with a quick eye for matter worth republishing, and a happy knack of knocking it into shape. As a reporter, whenever the nature of the function to be described lent itself to graphic or humorous treatment, Kipling was inimitable; and brilliant fragments of the experience thus gained of viceregal durbar or "tamashas" in

native states flash from the pages of many of his later sketches. But his was a very mixed bag of work. After-dinner speeches at commemorative banquets, university convocations, race meetings or law-suits, a flower show or a military review, whatever came it was always Kipling's turn to "do" it, for there was no one else but the editor. Probably the worst job ever entrusted to Kipling was his mission to interview a notorious fakir, about whom there was great religious excitement in the Punjab, as he was reported to have cut out his tongue in order that it might, with the help of the goddess Kali, grow again in six weeks, and thus prove the verity of the Hindu faith. Kipling never found the fakir; but, through a hot Indian day, he found himself misdirected from one unsavoury slum of Amritsar to another, till he was sick to death of his quest. It no doubt suited the fakir's game to be evasive when a sahib was looking for him; and on his return to Lahore it was a very dirty and travel-stained Kipling who cheerily expressed the hope that the next time the editor wanted details of a tongue-cutting boom he would go and get them for himself.

Besides occasional reporting outside the office, Kipling's daily work on the *Civil and Military Gazette* was, briefly: (1) To prepare for press all the telegrams of the day; (2) To provide all the extracts and paragraphs; (3) To make headed articles out of official reports, &c.; (4) To write such editorial notes as he might have time for; (5) To look generally after all sports, outstation and local intelligence; (6) To read all proofs except the editorial matter. He may have had to do more; but, roughly speaking, for a few, a very few hundreds of rupees a month, he did the work of at least two men, and in his odd moments of leisure wrote his verses and sketches, some of which have been republished in "Departmental Ditties," "Soldiers Three," and "Plain Tales from the Hills." These were scarcely journalism, but they were the only portion of his work which ever needed "editing." His youthful fancy now and then kicked too freely over the traces of convention, and more than one sketch found its home in the waste-paper basket. As a rule, however, they were much too good for a hack's pay on a paper in the north-west of India, and even Kipling's modesty, almost a fault, could not blind him to the fact that he was selling his brain-work far below its market value, wasting its razor edge on blocks of literally worthless and perishable matter; but he believed that he owed a debt of gratitude to the newspaper proprietors who took him on credit and gave him a salary when he was a boy fresh from school, and he determined to serve them loyally for a full term of years.

E. K. R.

AN APPRECIATION.*

By H. G. WELLS.

ALL very good things are recondite, and so it is, perhaps, that *The Flame Flower* has been published stealthily by masked men in the nights, as one might say. At least I do not know when it was published, nor have I seen it advertised. But the book is indisputable. Perhaps in an age of bold advertisement Messrs. Dent & Co. are minded to pique a jaded world with this elusive coquetry. But one may protest the experiment should be made on some viler body than this. For it is long since any new book proffered such delightful entertainment as Mr. J. F. Sullivan has given us. Barring the lady-like title, a touch or two of the pseudo-allegorical in the *Flame Flower* story itself, and a final exception I will mention, this fantastic volume is as unique and perfect as mortal enterprise can be. Like Du Maurier, Mr. J. F. Sullivan has solved the problem of the illustrated book in the obvious and most difficult way, and the text, and the illustrations that coil round it and chase across it, are his alike and in the completest unity of effect and style. Altogether there are six stories in the book, and, for my own part, I like best the story of "Old Primrose," the ugly old gentleman who wanted to be a butterfly, and who was so treacherously treated by George the Pig. That I have read and re-read; and taking it up again for a reference, I find ten minutes gone in the minute re-examination of that scramble of pigs on p. 150. I do really believe—and I am a hardened reviewer, preferring enemies to eustacies—that "Old Primrose" is the most perfect "quaint" story I have ever read. And its nearest rivals are "Tommy Twister's Discovery" and "The Lost Idea," in the same volume. Tommy Twister's story is boyish with amazing precision, and the argument about the compass, the dissertation on the holiness of gain, and the portrait of Billy Bunson fishing, make the choice hard between this and "Old Primrose." And then there are the fingered cow's tail and the chimney garden in "The Lost Idea." "Bob Robinson's Baby" is delightful too, in a rather different way, with its consequential little cock robin, who owns the estate, bullies Erstrupp, the gardener, and adopts a human baby; and it ends with a graceful touch of pathos. But "The Flame Flower" I do not like so much: it aims, I suspect, at my finer feelings, and it leaves them—it may be through the deflection of that suspicion—intact. Moreover, it is a fairy tale in historical dress, a fairy tale of the late Roman period, and I hold that fairyland is fairy-

land and has no history. And as a reviewer I am sick to death of historical dresses. "The Island of Professor Menu," which completes the book, is a witty and penetrating parody of my notoriously unsuccessful *Island of Doctor Moreau*. I must confess I do not enjoy it with the same *abandon* I experience with "Tommy Twister" and "Old Primrose," but the general reader, who has never heard of me nor of the *Island of Doctor Moreau*, who does not suspect, therefore, that a cruelly immolated author nourishes the roots of the story, may find the thing as entertaining as the rest of the volume. And I fear that the rare readers of my book may even find it more so. I am no judge of parodies, however, and it is on account of the fine stories I have promised that I think people should be urged to get this book. At present it is receiving an amount of attention out of all proportion below its merits. But I am assured that whosoever reads this book at my instigation will retain a spark of gratitude towards me on that account. And to conclude, I can still find something better to say for this book than all that has gone before—in it you have Mr. J. F. Sullivan at his best.

ZOLA UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

IN these latter days the "popular" author has much to put up with. But his trials sink into nothingness when compared with the fate reserved for him by a Dr. Toulouse, who is "Chef de Clinique des Maladies Mentales de la Faculté de Médecine de Paris," and the author of a weighty volume bearing the imposing title "Enquête médico-psychologique sur Emile Zola." Like most medical men, this Dr. Toulouse is devoid of the least particle of reverence; he has the audacity to look upon "men of high intellectual standing" as "rare cases" deserving the minutest study, and it is by another trick of the everlasting irony of fate that he commences his researches by dragging into the fierce glare of the laboratory the man who for years has made it his special pleasure to dissect the depraved outscourings of humanity. The book is simply infinite in detail, and all Paris is now engrossed in the study of the inner workings of the creator of the Rougon Macquart: the shallow-headed boulevardier can tell you the exact dimensions of the lobe of M. Zola's left ear or the exact number of pounds he lost in eighteen months by following the special *régime* prescribed by Dr. —, &c., &c., *ad nauseam*.

Of course, the idea that there were persons in the world who would, for example, spend hours over the construction of his iris, tickled M. Zola's fabulous vanity. In the grandiose letter which forms a preface

* *The Flame Flower, and Other Stories.* By J. F. Sullivan. (Dent.)

to the volume he writes that "he has never hidden anything, having nothing to hide," and so Dr. Toulouse obtains full permission to publish the result of his examinations; indeed, M. Zola seems to have corrected the proofs and verified the statistics. We have thus a fully authenticated text-book of physiology which ought to be in every expert's library, but to the general reader the volume is of small interest. We opened it with the idea that the microscope would reveal the source of M. Zola's genius, if genius he has; would particularise the special characteristics of a man of "high intellect," but we were grievously disappointed. From a medical standpoint, at any rate, M. Zola appears to be the most ordinary of mortals. We have waded through pages of figures, but have failed to find anything abnormal about his mind or body; there does not seem to be even a trace of insanity anywhere (*pace* Lombroso, *pace* Nordau!). And yet we shudder when we learn that Dr. Toulouse does not intend to confine his studies to M. Zola.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

III.—SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THERE is a tradition that Suckling received the rudiments of his education at Westminster, and it is certain that he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained some years. Upon leaving the University he went abroad, and fought with distinction under Gustavus Adolphus, returning home to become a conspicuous ornament at the Court of Charles I. Like Beddoes in our own century, a poet whose fame is also based on a few imperishable lyrics, he died abroad, at an early age, and by his own hand.

The best known, and, in parts, incomparably the best, of Suckling's poems, is the "Ballad upon a Wedding." Such lines as

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light"—

are still as fresh to us as they are familiar; while the music of the following lingers in the mind :

"O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss,
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his."

A very curious feature of Suckling's work is his anticipation of the lyric realism of Baudelaire and our own century. The following verses are from a little known

but fine poem, entitled "Farewell to Love":

"If I gaze now, 'tis but to see
What manner of death's head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that fresh upper skin;
The gazer's joy, and sin.

"The gun and glist'ning which with art
And study'd method, in each part
Hangs down the heart,
Looks just as if that day
Snails there had crawl'd the hay.

The simile of the snails is very characteristic of the minute observation of nature which supplied Suckling with much of his imagery, and which distinguishes him from nearly all the poets of his day. His chief gift, however, is his inimitable grace. It appears in almost all his work, and the songs beginning "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" "Honest lover, whatsover," and "I prithee send me back my heart" are notable examples of it.

The source of Suckling's inspiration, both in style and matter, is often only too manifest. Yet his best work has a certain freshness, individuality, and depth of poetry which is denied to that of any of his rivals, be it Carew's, or Lovelace's, or even Cowley's. And on the few occasions on which he is content to speak in person, and not through the mask of someone else, the clearness of his utterance has won him immortality.

NOTES AND NEWS.

NEWS of the death of Mr. Coventry Patmore reaches us as we go to press. Born in 1823, he was thirty when he wrote *The Angel in the House*, and fifty-four when he published *The Unknown Eros*. Of the first poem over 100,000 copies have been sold in this country alone; but it is by *The Unknown Eros* that he takes his honourable place in our literature.

THE long delay in the appearance of the biography (we refer, of course, to the authorised family biography) of the late Lord Tennyson must be a puzzle to many minds. The rumour was that the present Lord Tennyson has completed the Life of his illustrious father, but a great deal of interesting matter, chiefly dealing with the early years of the late Poet Laureate, is of such a nature that Lord Tennyson feels bound to submit it to the approval of individuals and families now living. We are enabled, however, to contradict this statement. The only cause of delay is the magnitude of the work.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S new story, entitled *Captains Courageous*, will begin its serial career in the double Christmas number of

Pearson's Magazine, published on the first of December. The story relates the adventures of the son of an American millionaire, who falls overboard from an Atlantic Liner, and is picked up by a passing fishing-smack bound for the well-known cod-banks off Newfoundland. For the purposes of this tale Mr. Kipling spent some months on board a fishing-smack, and as a result he presents to his readers a remarkably realistic description of perils encountered, hardships endured, and the many interesting and exciting experiences of the fishermen engaged on the banks. As a writer of romances of the sea, his popularity will depend upon the reception given to *Captains Courageous*. The public in all probability will re-echo the opinion expressed in no half-hearted way by a leading story-writer who has seen the proof-sheets of the story. He writes: "This is the best story of adventure I have ever read."

ANOTHER important story, *The War of the Worlds*, by Mr. H. G. Wells, will begin in the April number of *Pearson's Magazine*. This is a realistic story of the invasion of the earth by the Martians, the war they made against men, and the terrible destruction, chiefly in England, caused by the war. The war is described mainly by an eye-witness of their strange arrival at Woking. Then follow his extraordinary escape from the battle of Weybridge, the ineffectual attempt to keep the Martians from London, the panic in London, and its subsequent desolation—all vividly told in the persuasive manner of this writer. Incidentally Mr. Wells hazards an account of the strange anatomy and intelligence, customs and appliances, of the Martians. Mr. Heinemann will publish the book in the spring of 1898. Meanwhile Mr. Wells is at work on another story akin to his *Wonderful Visit*.

Two scholars are at the present moment turning from Butler to Homer. In one case it is the great Bishop Butler who gives place to the poet; in the other it is the late Bishop Butler. The scholars are Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Samuel Butler, both of whom are at work on Homeric study. The latter is making a prose translation of the *Odyssey*. One of Mr. Butler's theories is that the scene of the poem was laid in Sicily. But, says the *Daily News*, "for those who are not frightened at this, he has a greater wave of paradox in store—a theory, namely, that the author of the *Odyssey* was a woman."

THE readers of the *Pall Mall Magazine* are to lose Mr. Zangwill. In the current number is to be found a picture of that witty and clear-sighted critic bidding his friends farewell. Latterly the pages devoted to "Without Prejudice" have been, it is true, more philosophical and literary than they were at first, when Mr. Zangwill was more playful and satirical in mood; but they have always been suggestive and well worth attention. Mr. Quiller-Couch, a writer not less catholic in taste and only a little less encyclopaedic in knowledge than Mr. Zangwill, will succeed to the post. The title, "Without Prejudice," now becomes "From

a Cornish Window," by which we are reminded of Mr. Lang's *Illustrated London News* paragraphs, "From a Scottish Workshop." Literature is now accounted for from John o' Groats (or thereabouts) to Land's End.

THE volume of criticism which Mr. Zangwill has prepared under his old title *Without Prejudice* will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next week.

"E. H." writes: "May I suggest, in reference to a paragraph in the Science columns of your issue of November 21, on the subject of the 'canals' in the planet Mars, that we may, once for all, get rid of the duplicity of meaning attaching to the word 'duplicity,' by confining this latter form, with its evil connotation, to its usual sense, and using the other form for the meaning of doubleness? The analogy between the neutral 'complexity' and the undesirable 'complicity' on the one hand, and the unobjectionable 'duplicity' on the other, is exact. And it is hard to see how so natural a word as 'duplicity' has not already passed into common service. By its use we shall, at any rate, 'preserve the stars from wrong.'"

EARLY in the new year Mr. Clement Shorter is to address the members of the Brontë Society. The society during the year has been very prosperous, and its members have prosecuted many inquiries. Principal among these was one relating to the connexion between Charlotte Brontë and the little Peak village of Hathersage, which has been identified with Morton in *Jane Eyre*. Mr. Shorter's new and exhaustive work has revived the interest felt in the West Riding in everything appertaining to the Brontës. The visits to the museum of the society at Haworth keep up to a high average, and there is a growing understanding of the true genius of this remarkable family.

WALES, it seems, is not so destitute of novelists as we thought her. Mr. H. R. Allinson informs us that he is about to publish a volume of Welsh idylls, entitled *In the Land of the Harp and Feathers*; and Mr. Wirt Gerrare, himself the author of a Welsh romance, tells us, in a letter, that the writers of Welsh stories are now so numerous that a meeting is to be held by them "to determine the best method of preventing Welsh names in Saxon vocabularies." The prospect is a little terrifying.

MR. WILLIAM TIREBUCK's story, *Sweetheart Gwen*, having been translated into Welsh, is to run as a serial in the *Cymro* in January next.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, the Poet Laureate, has addressed a very encouraging letter to Mr. T. Rama Krishna, the author of *Tales of Ind*, a volume of verse published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. "I have perused your poems," says Mr. Austin, "with the greatest interest, and am filled with the admiration of the mastery you have ac-

quired, not only over the English tongue, but over the difficulties and intricacies of English verse." After a little technical criticism, Mr. Austin concludes, "I trust you regard yourself as my fellow countryman, in the sense that you are proud to own yourself a subject of our beloved Sovereign, and a loyal member of the British Empire."

AT a meeting of the Historical Society on November 19, the president, Sir M. E. Grant Duff, being in the chair, a paper was read by Mr. Frederic Harrison on the "Bibliography of History," in which the immediate preparation of a systematic and comprehensive bibliography of English History (including works by foreign writers) was strongly advocated. Such a compilation, he said, would be of the utmost value to historical students and men of letters, who, as things now are, have to make their own bibliographies for all historical purposes. The existing bibliographies available, and particularly those of French authorities, were enumerated and criticised by Mr. Harrison, who then described the form most suitable for the object which he had in view.

A CONSIDERATION of the art of Mr. E. J. Poynter, the President of the Royal Academy, will be found in the December *Magazine of Art*.

NORWICH is not the centre of culture which it was when Amelia Alderson left it to become Amelia Opie, but it may safely be said that the old city will provide many readers for a work on which Dr. Jessopp has collaborated with Mr. Montague Rhodes James, of King's College, Cambridge. This is *The Life and Miracles of St. William of Norwich*, written by Thomas of Monmouth, and now edited for the first time from its unique MS., with an introduction, translation, and notes. The book, which has been printed at the Cambridge University Press, is illustrated with plates and a map. We have not so many saints accredited to English towns that we can afford to neglect one of them.

MR. D. J. O'DONOGHUE, author of the *Life of William Carleton*, who is writing a biography of the strange Irish genius, James Clarence Mangan, is anxious to obtain the use of any letters or other documents relating to that poet, and would faithfully return any such sent to him at 16, Hamilton-street, S.C.-road, Dublin. Any reminiscences of Mangan would also be gratefully received and acknowledged.

THERE are signs that the ceaseless arriving of new and commonplace books is being corrected by a deepening stream of well-edited old literature. Messrs. Dent's enterprises in this direction have won deserved praise, and now we notice that Messrs. Chatto & Windus are re-issuing Dr. Grosart's admirable and absolutely unabridged "Early English Poets" at three shillings and sixpence a volume, instead of at six shillings, the old price. The series consists of the complete poetical works of Giles Fletcher,

Sir John Davies, Robert Herrick, and Sir Philip Sidney. The same publishers also promise cheap reprints of their "Old Dramatists" series—Jonson, Chapman (with Mr. Swinburne's essay), Marlowe, and Massinger.

TWO numbers of *The Philistine*, "A Periodical of Protest," reach us from the Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, New York. There is no doubt about the protest, which is almost too exuberant. One article contains a plea for little books. "The glory of bigness," says the writer, "is the destruction of individuality in literary work." He mourns for the men of an elder day, whose present plight is thus briefly summarised: "Bill Nye, dead; Eugene Field, dead; Bob Burdette, forgotten; Mark Twain, lecturing for a living; Bret Harte, a reminiscence; Danbury Bailey, a memory." The successor, says this Philistine, of the humorist and domestic poet is "the caustic free-lance of the little magazines." His causticity, however, to be effective, must be reinforced by more knowledge than *The Philistine* yet can boast.

TWO essays by Karl Blind will appear in the forthcoming numbers of the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*. The one, "Young Turkey," will give a full account of the movement in question—of its leaders, their writings and aspirations, as well as the main contents of the Charter of 1876, which led to the meeting of the Ottoman Parliament in 1877-78. Much correspondence of the author with prominent Young Turkish agitators will be embodied in the article. The other essay, "A Mistaken Imperial Celebration"—referring to the recent unveiling of an equestrian statue of the Emperor William I., and to a sculptured representation of the Barbarossa myth, on the Kyffhäuser mountain—will deal with the famous tale about Frederick the Redbeard.

THE author of the four-lined stanza quoted in the ACADEMY last week, which has been cut into the monolith erected in Ballochbuie Forest in memory of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, is the Marquis of Lorne.

A DUMPY 16mo pocket companion is *Bryce's Pearl English Dictionary, Atlas of the World, Gazetteer of the World, and Book of General Information*. Eleven hundred pages will make any book dumpy, however thin the paper, but to make it companionable is a more difficult feat. This has been done, however, in the little brick-like tome before us. Especially pretty and fascinating are the maps, of which there are over a hundred, in the middle of the book. Tiny as they are, they are full of instruction to the humble-minded in geography. The map of Egypt and the Nile, for instance, shows at a glance what Sir Herbert Kitchener's recent expedition to Dongola meant geographically, and what the position of Dongola is in relation to Khartoum and Kassala and Central Africa generally.

Here, too, one may correct one's views of the positions of Cuba and Zanzibar, and return the volume to the company of one's tobacco pouch. The General Information of the section seems to contain all that we have forgotten and all that we shall never even forget.

THE winter number of *The Artist* is devoted to a consideration of the art of Frederick Sandys. Many people will welcome this collection of examples of an artist of whom little is known. Some of the reproduced pictures are beautiful, but we miss the exquisite "Proud Maisie."

A LITTLE announcement of a new book, which we find in an American magazine, should amuse Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. *On Going to Church* is the title, and it is "done throughout in the best Roycroft style, Romanesque type, Kelmscott initials, Dickinson's Dekel-edge paper, wide margins," and so on. The price is one dollar. Also, for the epicure there is a special limited edition of twenty-five copies, on Tokio vellum, with illuminations in colours, bound in real vellum, at five dollars. And in England the subject-matter of this book was a magazine article!

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a new reissue of the "Antiquary's Library," without the restrictions which marked the publication of the volumes when they were first issued in sets, many years ago. They will now appear at frequent intervals, uniformly bound. Besides the works which appeared in the series originally, others of a similar character will be added to it. The first to be published is Mr. M. G. Watkins's *Gleanings from the Natural History of the Ancients*.

THE *Antiquary* for December will contain illustrated articles on "Early Mechanical Carriages," by Mr. Rhys Jenkins, and "The Significance of Holes in Archaeology," by Mr. A. W. Buckland; also "The Account Book of William Wray."

EVERY Oxford man knows the Church of St. Martin, in Carfax, but its history, monuments, and past rectors have not yet been written about with final authority. This is now in hand, and *The History of the Church and Parish of St. Martin* may be looked for shortly by antiquarians. The Rev. Carteret J. H. Fletcher is the author, and the book will contain chapters dealing with the history of the church from Canute's grant, and emphasising its immemorial connexion with the Oxford Corporation. The ancient sources of the parish income, Hocktide money, the Whitsun "ales," the ritual of the church before the Reformation, the origin of its pews, &c., are among the minor subjects of interest which the author will deal with. Inscriptions, inventories of church goods and ornaments, and lists of rectors and lecturers, will be found in the appendices.

THE late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson left a volume of reminiscences in a completed form, which will be published under the title *Memories and Ideals*.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK has contributed an article to *Every Girl's Book of Sport, Occupation, and Pastime*, which Messrs. George Routledge & Sons will bring out shortly as a Christmas gift-book. Among other contributors are Lady Jeune, who writes on "Girls in Society," and deals also with home studies, work among the poor, and the servant question from the girl's point of view.

THE retrospect of the year, printed in *A Beautiful World*, the organ of the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising, if it does not mention any conspicuous success, shows, at any rate, that the society is in earnest. The report of the annual meeting is extremely interesting.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO. ask us to point out that Sir Richard Temple's *Story of My Life* is complete in two volumes, and not, as through inadvertence was suggested in the ACADEMY last week, still only half issued.

IT is a little reassuring to know that the novels that are most talked about are not the only novels that are read. British readers are more faithful to their old friends than conversation and popular newspapers would lead us to suppose. Messrs. Chatto & Windus, for example, have sold 130,000 copies of their sixpenny edition of Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White*, and yet one may spend a month in "literary circles" and never hear it mentioned. They are also just beginning a library edition of the same fine novelist. The sixpenny issue of Charles Reade's stories has been hardly less successful, nor has their popularity in cheap form injured their sale in the more expensive edition.

MR. BARRIE's new book, *Margaret Ogilvy*, will appear next week. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are the publishers.

THE recent fire at St. George's Church is not the only calamity that lately has befallen Hanover-square. For the Arts Club, with its atmosphere of Bohemian good-fellowship, its tobacco and laughter, and its thirty years' traditions of Edmund Yates, and Walter Severn, and Charles Keene, and George Du Maurier, and Vicat Cole, and John Pettie, and a hundred others, is moving, at the bidding of its landlord, from the Square into Dover-street. Here, it may be surmised, the club will be the same happy resort of those who paint, and rhyme, and make music. Leonardo da Vinci, who did all three, is the patron saint of the club.

AT Sotheby's next week will be offered for sale the library of the late Arthur Young, the author of *Travels in France*. This includes thirteen original MS. letters (signed) from George Washington to Young, on agricultural matters in the United States. Some of these have never been published. At the same time will be sold a collection of

autograph letters, MSS., and proof-sheets of S. T. Coleridge.

THE second final portion of the Bunbury collection of Greek coins will be sold at Sotheby's next week. The sale begins on Monday and continues till Saturday.

A MISTAKE found its way last week into the advertisement of Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co. In the announcement of their great art book, *Venus and Apollo*, the Apollo Saurochthonos statue was printed "Sorochtones."

Cassell's Family Magazine begins a new and enlarged series with the December number. A serial story by Mrs. Steel, entitled *The Gift of the Gods*, will form one feature. A number of reproductions of the late Fred. Barnard's character sketches from Dickens will be found in the December number.

MR. BRYCE has just revised his well-known book on Transcaucasia and Ararat, and has added a new chapter dealing with the recent history of the Armenian Question. This revised and enlarged edition, being the fourth that has been published, will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in the course of a week or ten days.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. will publish almost immediately, under the title *Archbishop Benson in Ireland*, a small volume by the Rev. J. H. Bernard, consisting of the Sermons and Addresses delivered by the Archbishop in the course of his memorable journey, with a connecting thread of narrative. As the record of the last work which the late Primate was spared to undertake, the volume should be of unusual interest.

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE has prepared a volume tracing the treatment of landscape in poetry from Homer to our own day, enlarged from his lectures while Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Early Italian; after which British poetry, from Celtic and Anglo-Saxon to Tennyson, is the main literature included. He adduces many illustrative quotations, those not in English translated in prose or verse, but the originals generally subjoined. It is expected that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish the volume about Christmas.

TO the enormous quantity of books for children now published has just been added a new translation of *The Swiss Family Robinson* (George Newnes, Limited). We cannot say that the need for a new translation was pressing; the old one had satisfied the wants of a good many British families for several generations. Mr. Brayley Hodgetts, however, the new translator, has a brisk style, and his narrative runs glibly enough. In his preface he informs us that he has omitted "certain sentimental strains which, however appropriate in a German book, would perhaps sound quaint in English ears." The pictures, by Mr. J. Finnemore, are spirited.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THIS week our reports of sales in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and the large provincial centres deal more especially with Children's Books, of which the output is seasonably large, and with Theology and Science, subjects which have not yet been reported upon in this page.

A perusal of the lists of children's books, for which the demand is already brisk, should solve many a parent's doubt as to the selection of gift-books for the little ones. We hear golden opinions of Mr. J. F. Sullivan's fairy story, *The Flame Flower*, and it is easy to see that there is a great deal more than a good title in Florence K. and Bertha Upton's picture book, *The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club*, which we report to be in good demand in London, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Birmingham. Another book of the year, in the estimation of the youngsters, is clearly going to be *The Book of Wonder Voyages*, as re-told and edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs and illustrated by Mr. J. D. Batten. This book is in the pleasant size of small quarto, and is published at six shillings. Mr. Andrew Lang's *Animal Story Book*, with many pictures by Mr. H. J. Ford, is of the same price, and the demand for it is brisk and widespread. It goes without saying that the story books which young England has learned to look for from Mr. G. A. Henty, Mr. Manville Fenn, Mr. Marshall, Mrs. Molesworth, and Mrs. E. Everett-Green are once more forthcoming and are in high favour with buyers of gift-books.

The demand for Theological and Religious works is strong and varied. Conspicuously sought after is Mr. H. O. Wakeman's *Introduction to the History of the Church of England*. The Rev. L. Pullan's *Lectures on Religion*; the *Old Testament and Modern Life* of Mr. Stopford A. Brooke; the volume on *Saint Luke*, in the International Critical Commentary, by the Rev. Alfred Plummer, D.D.; and the Rev. John Watson's (Ian Maclaren's) sermons are all mentioned in our lists of books being bought.

A Scotch correspondent writes:—"I am glad to notice that you do not intend, in 'The Book Market,' to overlook the claims of *Theology*. North of the Tweed, theological works are always in demand. A strange impression seems to exist in the South (I have heard it stated more than once in London) that Scotchmen do not read the works of Anglican theologians, but confine themselves to books by their own countrymen, with perhaps the addition of the Puritan divines! There could be no greater mistake, for it is a well-known fact here that our Scotch clergymen—and many laymen too—keep themselves thoroughly abreast of the times in respect to Biblical Criticism; and in nearly every Scottish manse may be found the works of such theologians as Driver, Sanday, Ellicott, Gore, Cheyne, &c."

Under Philosophy we note with pleasure the sales of Mr. Herbert Spencer's third volume, the keystone of his great work, *The Principles of Sociology*. *The Cambridge Natural History*, now in its second volume, seems to enjoy a steady demand; while Mr.

D. Farman's book on *Auto-Cars* reaps the reward of its timeliness and actuality.

BOOK SALES.

THE following tables show what books have been most in demand in various places during the past week.

LONDON (STRAND).

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Flame Flower. Written and Illustrated by J. F. Sullivan.
The Animal Story Book. A. Lang.
The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club. Florence K. and Bertha Upton.
The Book of Wonder Voyages. Re-told by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by J. D. Batten.
Gutter-Snipes. Phil May.

THEOLOGY.

Mason's Conditions of Our Lord's Life.
Moulton's Literary Study of the Bible.
Illingworth's Personality.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Farman's Auto-Cars.
Lloyd's Wealth against Commonwealth.
Donkin's Gas, Oil, and Air Engines.
Cambridge Natural History. Vol. II.
Spencer's Principles of Sociology. Vol. III.
Evil and Evolution. By the Author of "The Social Horizon."

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

President Cleveland. Whittier.
Nansen's Life.
Life of Archbishop Magee.
Macaulay's Life and Works. New 10-vol. Edition.

LONDON (OXFORD STREET).

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Books of G. A. Henty, Manville Fenn, Mrs. Marshall, and Mrs. Everett Green.
The Parade. Edited by Glesson White.
Wymps. Evelyn Sharp.

THEOLOGY.

Introduction to History of the Church of England. H. O. Wakeman.
Montefiore's Bible for Home Reading.
The Modern Reader's Bible.
The Old Testament and Modern Life. Stopford A. Brooke.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Balfour's Foundations of Belief.
Farman's Auto-Cars.
BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Archbishop Magee.
The Story of My Life. A. J. C. Hare.
Boswell's Johnson.
The Natives of Sarawak. Henry Ling Roth.

CAMBRIDGE.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls. Florence K. and Bertha Upton.
The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club. Florence K. and Bertha Upton.
Peeps into Fairy Land.
Pantomime Pictures. With Introduction by Weatherly.

THEOLOGY.

Burton and Miller's Causes of the Corruption of the Traditional Text of the Holy Gospels.
The Apocryphal of Baruch. R. H. Charles.
Swete's Services and Service Books.
Streane's Double Text of Jeremiah.

SCIENCE.

Cambridge Natural History. Vol. II.
Lowell's Mars.
Structural Botany, Part II., *Flowerless Plants*. D. H. Scott.
The Scientific Papers of John Couch Adams. Vol. I.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Autobiography of Sir George Airy.
Fowler's City State of the Greeks and Romans.
Life of Prof. Charles Pritchard, by his Daughter.

OXFORD.

THEOLOGY.

The Doctrine of the Incarnation. R. L. Ottley.
Introduction to History of the Church of England. H. O. Wakeman.

Dr. Plummer's *Saint Luke*. (International Critical Commentary.)
Burton and Miller's Causes of Corruption in the Traditional Text of the Gospels.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Prof. Charles Pritchard, by his Daughter.
Life of Prof. G. J. Romanes. New and cheap Edition.

EDINBURGH.

NEW CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club. Florence K. and Bertha Upton.
The Animal Story Book. A. Lang.
G. A. Henty's Books.
Chatterbox.

THEOLOGY.

The Table-Talk of Jesus. Rev. George Jackson.
With Open Face. Prof. A. B. Bruce, D.D.
The Lady Ecclesia. Rev. George Matheson, D.D.
Bible Characters. Rev. Alex. Whyte, D.D.

DUBLIN.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

With Cochrane the Dauntless. G. A. Henty.
The Oriel Window. Mrs. Molesworth.
His Escape from the Tower. Mrs. Marshall.
The Young Pioneers. E. Everett-Green.
The Missing Prince. G. E. Farrow.

THEOLOGY.

Things to Live For. J. R. Miller.
The Cure of Souls. Rev. John Watson.
Plain Proofs. Wynne.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Jeanne d'Arc. Mrs. Oliphant.
The Black Watch. Archibald Forbes.
The Year after the Armada. A. S. Hume.
Life of Gordon. D. C. Boulger.

BIRMINGHAM.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Books of G. A. Henty and *G. Manville Fenn*—in great demand.
The Animal Story Book. A. Lang.
The Book of Wonder Voyages. Re-told by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by J. D. Batten.
The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club. Florence K. and Bertha Upton.
Butter Scotia. By Judge E. A. Parry.

THEOLOGY.

The Mind of the Master. Rev. John Watson.
The Cure of Souls. Rev. John Watson.
Lectures in Religion. Rev. L. Pullan.
The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil. By Coulson Kernahan.

SCIENCE.

Spencer's Principles of Sociology. Vol. III.
The Cambridge Natural History. Vol. II.
Habits and Instinct. C. Lloyd Morgan.
Outline of the Doctrines of Carlyle.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Prof. G. J. Romanes. New and cheap Edition.
Napoleon. W. M. Sloane.
My Long Life. Mrs. Cowden Clarke.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall. New Edition by Bury.

LIVERPOOL.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

At Agincourt and On the Irrawaddy. G. A. Henty.
The Animal Story Book. A. Lang.

THEOLOGY.

Introduction to History of the Church of England. H. O. Wakeman.
Things to Live For. Rev. J. R. Miller.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Spencer's Principles of Sociology. Vol. III.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Animal Story Book. A. Lang.
The Book of Wonder Voyages. Re-told by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by J. D. Batten.
Songs for Little People. Norman Gale.
Some More Nonsense. A. Nobody.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Elizabeth. Creighton.
Nansen's Life.
My Long Life. Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

MUSIC.

LAST week I was just able to speak about the César Franck Symphony at the Lamoureux concert of Thursday afternoon, and I am pleased to find that appreciative notices of that work have appeared in many papers. On Friday evening the "Eroica" was performed. Many fine readings of the music have been given under Dr. Richter's direction. I will not say that M. Lamoureux surpassed the great German conductor, but he certainly achieved a triumph. The music was interpreted with extraordinary breadth and dignity. Into the slow movement especially he infused wonderful life, yet without robbing the music of any of its solemnity. There were many good points in his rendering of the "Pastoral," and of the Seventh Symphony in A which was given on Saturday; as compared with that of the "Eroica," these, however, were ordinary performances.

ON Friday a *Rhapsodie Cambodgienne*, by M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, was given for the first time in England. The work is clever, and the orchestration, though at times extremely noisy, effective; but there is much more of art than of nature in the music. On Saturday afternoon the "Queen Mab" Scherzo from Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* was given—a piece admirably suited to show off to the best advantage the excellent performers in the band; and they played their very best. Another splendid performance was heard on the previous evening. M. Lamoureux gave two of Brahms' Hungarian Dances, orchestrated by Albert Parlow. I must, however, say that the transcriptions, though certainly clever, are by no means justifiable.

M. LAMOUREUX will pay us another visit next spring, and he may be sure of a hearty welcome. I hope that he will introduce to our notice more of César Franck's, and also of M. Vincent d'Indy's, compositions. Why should not the entire "Wälzenstein" of the latter be given? And could not some important selection from "Les Troyens" be announced? Mr. Robert Newman, in inviting M. Lamoureux and his orchestra, entered upon a bold undertaking, and the success achieved must indeed be gratifying to him.

THERE are few pianists who would venture to play five of Beethoven's Sonatas at one sitting. And though there is endless variety in the master's music, so that no feeling of monotony is created, I cannot help thinking the number excessive. Each fresh Sonata seems, as it were, to interfere with the quiet enjoyment which one feels after hearing a great work; for it is spiritual food which requires time for digestion. To hear five great Sonatas in succession produces an effect somewhat akin to that caused by rapidly passing through a gallery filled with magnificent pictures. Once in a way, however, one can listen to such a programme, and all who attended Mr. Eugen d'Albert's Beethoven recital at St. James's Hall on

Tuesday afternoon must have felt that they were enjoying a rare treat. There were many points in Mr. d'Albert's rendering of the music to which a critic, without being captious, might have taken exception; but no one, I think, would deny that the pianist displayed powers of a very high order. In the matter of technique there was no fault to find, excepting, perhaps, a passage in the last variation in Op. 109. His rendering of the text was remarkably faithful, and there were no sensational effects, no attempt at self-glorification. His readings showed careful thought and marked intelligence.

THE first Sonata was the one in C sharp minor, known by the silly title of the "Moonlight." The opening movement was played in a calm, pensive manner, and yet it seemed to me as if the pianist might have put a little more warmth, even passion, into the music without laying himself open to the charge of exaggeration. The Allegretto was admirable, both as regards phrasing and speed, and the final Presto was afforded with fine gradations of tone and due storm and stress. The "Waldstein"—that wonderful creation in which the composer has afforded great pianists a noble opportunity of displaying their technical powers—was rendered with power, verve, and dignity. Last season Mr. d'Albert achieved a brilliant triumph with it, and I certainly think it was his best effort on Tuesday.

THE last three Sonatas (Op. 109, 110, and 111) offer a still higher test. They abound, it is true, in technical difficulties, but these do not appear, like those of the "Waldstein," co-equal with the ideas and developments of the music, but rather as the outcome of a struggle to express mighty thoughts and strong feelings. Take, for instance, the Trio of the middle movement of Op. 110, or some of the variations of Op. 111. They are as difficult as anything in the "Waldstein," yet not so showy. The moods in these later Sonatas are deeper, the character of the music more subjective, the workmanship more intricate; they need a great pianist to interpret them worthily, but for the time he must be almost forgotten. Mr. d'Albert does not satisfy me in these Sonatas. He seems to understand what he ought to do, yet somehow or other he does not bring us right into touch with the master. As far as he goes, it is excellent; but he does not go far enough. I admire his skill, his reverence, his earnestness; but he does not only reveal fully the depth, the imaginative thought, and the exquisite tenderness of the tone-poet's latest contributions to the literature of the pianoforte. There was a large and attentive audience. Mr. d'Albert was recalled at the close, and played a movement from one of the earlier Sonatas.

MR. EMILE SAUER gave a recital on the following afternoon, and at the same hall. His programme opened with Brahms' magnificent Sonata in F minor (Op. 5), to which, by the way, the title of "Moonlight" would be far more appropriate than it is to Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor. To appreciate a great pianist, one must from

time to time—and of opportunity there is no lack—hear pianists who, though good, have not risen above the rank and file; and to criticise him, have as standard one or other who belongs to the upper few. It was, then, fortunate to have Mr. d'Albert and Sauer in such close succession. The former scored a great success, but the latter, though in a different way, made his mark. Mr. Sauer gave an exceedingly fine rendering of the Brahms' Sonata; it was full of life, soul, and romance. But whatever made him follow on with Brahms' Variations on a theme by Handel? With this, for the most part dry work, he almost effaced the good impression which he had created. His reading of two Schumann pieces was unsatisfactory. The Romance in F sharp, good as regards tone and feeling, was uncomfortably dragged, and the "Traumes-wirren" displayed the "confusion" without the "dream" element. Chopin's "Berceuse" was given with much delicacy, the latter part, especially, with great feeling. Mr. Sauer panders now and then to the taste of the public. He played an Etude of Chopin at illegitimate speed, and thereby won an encore; and he almost turned a truly great Polonaise by the same composer into a mere show piece. But all great pianists have their weak moments. Mr. Sauer drew a very large audience.

A THIRD Symphonic Poem by Dvorák was produced last Saturday at the Promenade Concert. The "Noon Witch" (Die Mittagshexe), for that is the title of the work, is not even as good as the "Water Fay." Further, this novelty was placed late in the programme, so that I felt strongly tempted not to stop for it; a Lamoureux concert in the afternoon having supplied me with sufficient music for the day. I reflected, however, that the Symphonic Poem No. 3 might be an improvement on its fellows, and so I remained. Beethoven, I remembered, had written two Sonatas to his Op. 27: the one, for Beethoven, dull, but the other divine. In composing these three Symphonic Poems Dvorák committed three sins: he ought not to have selected poems without poetry; he ought not to have yielded to the craze for realism; and he ought not to have trebled his artistic error.

A NEW Quartet for strings, in G major (Op. 106), by Dvorák, was on the programme of Mr. Gompertz' second chamber concert at the small Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening, and I almost feared to go, lest I should be again disappointed. But I found the true, the old, Dvorák—folk-like in melody, skilful in workmanship, and full of humour—that quality which renders the music of Haydn and Beethoven so attractive. The opening *Allegro*, though not dry, seems somewhat artificial. The *Adagio*, a lovely theme with variations, is undoubtedly the finest section of the work. The composer enhances the simple, plaintive charm of the theme by rare art, which, however, never becomes unduly prominent. The third movement, a *Molto Virace*, is piquant, and the *Finale* full of quaint humour. The return, at the close, to subject-matter of the first movement

gives unity to the work. The order of keys of the various sections, each a third lower than the preceding ones, deserves note: this scheme was probably suggested by Beethoven's Variations (Op. 35). The performance, by Messrs. Gompertz, Inwards, Kreuz, and Ould, was excellent. At each concert of the present series one of Beethoven's so-called posthumous quartets is played. On Wednesday it was the great one in B flat (Op. 130), and it was well interpreted. These works are seldom given, and yet, to be properly appreciated, they must be heard again and again.

J. S. S.

D R A M A.

THERE is some force of association which makes it quite impossible for me, having seen a play of Dr. Ibsen, to say merely what I think of it as a play. I am impelled to make a remark or two about Dr. Ibsen in general, his plays, and his appreciators. In doing so, however, I think I can acquit myself of impertinence, since I believe I shall express, however inadequately, the views of many of my readers.

WHEN, some eight or nine years ago, everybody in England began with one accord to shout things for or against Dr. Ibsen, I quickly found myself in the uncomfortable and ineffectual position of sitting between two stools. On the one hand my natural antipathies were strongly enlisted by the people who were for denying a hearing to his plays merely because they ran counter to their own narrow prejudices and somewhat squalid optimism. I do not think that with a "public" so entirely inartistic as the contemporary English, the circumscription of material for art signifies much. All the same, it is stupid, and anybody who will defy it without offending my taste has my sympathy. Moreover, it was agreeable to see plays containing some appeal to one's intelligence. So far, I was on the side of the angels.

On the other hand, I objected very strongly to the assertion that unless I thought Dr. Ibsen's plays the only plays that had ever been written I was an ignoramus, a boor, and an anachronism. I was rather fond of Sophocles at the time, and thought his plays were more dramatic and beautiful and quite as intellectual—given the two starting-points—as Dr. Ibsen's. Also whenever I am told that anything is incomparably better than anything else of its kind I am inclined to doubt the extent of my informant's experience. People went further. Not only was Dr. Ibsen the greatest dramatist who ever lived, but he was a great prophet, a tremendous revolutionist in human thought. Now this was manifestly an exaggeration. I do not say that his more reputable exponents claimed these qualities for him—Mr. Archer, I know, does not—but the worse informed really thought they had discovered novelties

in certain ideas that were truisms in the Ark, and made a great fuss about them. Uneducated people came up and said they "believed in heredity." This annoyed me.

THESE irrelevant influences on either side may or may not have balanced one another; I am inclined to think that my views on Dr. Ibsen's plays are quite intelligent, and nothing shall prevent my declaring them. I do not think he is the greatest of all dramatists, but I think he is a great one. In the devising of situations strong in emotional drama, without the use of coincidence, he is great. He is great in fitting to emotion elementally simple expression. He is great, on occasion, in a vitally effective use of symbolism. Seriously, I feel the impertinence—now that I come to it—in this estimation of a great man; any possibility of value in my task involves it; it is easy to say nothing. So I go on to say that the simplicity of dialogue seems to me sometimes to lapse into futility, and that the symbolism sometimes ruins the drama. It is claimed for him that he exhibits average humanity, that he takes ordinary men and women and probes more deeply into their natures than other observers—that, in fine, we are all Hedda Gablers and Allmers, and the like. This I cannot believe to be true. The belief would be too ruinous, perhaps, to vanity; it would argue too hopelessly impenetrable a density in my observations of my fellow-creatures. I think Dr. Ibsen's interest in humanity is pathological rather than psychological in the wider sense, and that his pathology is essentially empirical. Take, for example, the play I saw on Monday, "Little Eyolf." There a wife, being more physically robust than her husband, is disappointed in his love—that is the plain fact—to such an extent that she hates their child, who seems "to come between them." Now that augurs an excess of passion in the wife and a deficiency in the husband, which are not the normal rule, which are essentially rare. Again, a man and a woman, who had lived together as brother and sister, believing that to be their actual relation, in finding out that it is not so cannot trust themselves to live together any more. That is pathology, not a study of average humanity. It need not be ruled out of art on that account. But it is defective pathology, for Dr. Ibsen must know, and the man in the play, who is represented as a man of knowledge and reading, ought to have been made to know, that early and constant companionship and familiarity are a more real bar to the instinct of sex than the fact (by itself) of consanguinity. One other general remark, a question of minor taste: I am out of sympathy with Dr. Ibsen's characters, the mediævalism of their emotions and the exceeding unpleasantness of their manners.

BUT he is always interesting, and it is well, now and then, that such intelligence as one has should be exercised in the theatre, and I am grateful to Miss Elizabeth Robins for producing "Little Eyolf" at the Avenue. By the time these lines are published its run will be over, unless it is

happily extended beyond the announcement. Of the play itself, I have little to add to what I have said above. It is dramatic; the characters—the abnormal characters, as I contend—are clearly drawn. There is a possible doubt about the artistic value of the symbolism, because while it is shadowy in itself, actuality is sacrificed to it: I refer, of course, to the "Rat-Wife," who "lures" the rats into the sea, and who lures little Eyolf. There is a question, at least, if the distressing incompatibility of Allmers and Rita be not drawn out more than is necessary. Of the question of taste involved in the disclosure of the exact reason why his parents' carelessness caused Eyolf's lameness I would like not to hazard an opinion—in the face of the earnest and cultivated people to whom such things are a "strain of music," and so forth. But I think it fair to ask why, if such details of physical life be allowed a contemporary dramatist, there should be anything shocking in Wycherley's comedies or Rochester's poetry? I suppose my sense of these differences is insufficient. Now and then, in the play, I was puzzled by the dialogue, which seemed to me unnaturally prone to bathos: it is possible to be an accomplished student of the author you translate, as Mr. Archer is, and just to miss the inevitable phrase which the stage demands.

THE playing was extremely interesting; in phases extremely good. The most effective part was the short part of the "Rat-Wife," and Mrs. Patrick Campbell achieved in it the most artistic success of the production. That is to speak absolutely: it is also true that in no part of the play was success so easy. Very few actresses could have achieved, however, quite Mrs. Campbell's effect of weirdness, of wayward, pathetic, uncanny horror. I have dreamed of it since. Miss Robins's own part—Asta, the sister—demanded quieter methods, and perhaps more subtle ones, certainly a more difficult strain; she played it with great finish and fulness. Miss Achurch's scream in the first act was one of the finest screams I ever heard; she rose several times to impressive heights of genuine emotion; she was not so evenly excellent as Miss Robins. I confess I may have been prejudiced—albeit a confession of lamentable Philistinism—against Mr. Thorpe's playing of Allmers by the extreme loathsomeness of Allmers; a humbugging, knock-kneed, sham-intellectual, egotistical, posturing, whining worm, whom I entirely decline to accept as in the least degree representative of humanity. But I could not see that Mr. Thorpe gave any possible rendering of the creature. Mr. Lowne, as the healthy, breezy young lover, was altogether too breezy and healthy. As Eyolf, Master Dawson avoided the bad extremes of stage children; he was neither insensiby parrot-like nor foolishly ambitious: in fact, he played excellently well.

I HAVE left myself no space for "The White Elephant" at the Comedy, and must deal with it next week.

G. S. S.

A R T.

IT is a little difficult to state exactly what is the present position of the New English men. They remind one of that satire of Defoe which has a somewhat similar title. At any rate, without wishing to go as far as the truculent Daniel, one may say that to be strictly New English it seems necessary to have a close acquaintance with French methods. New English art is essentially derivative. As you pass around the little room (and too much praise cannot be given to the Club for keeping the exhibits at so low a number) the ghosts of artists long since dead glimmer from canvases painted yesterday. The Dudley Gallery is the place to meet old friends and revive old enthusiasms. Watteau is no more—yet here is Mr. Charles Conder; Corot has gone—yet here is Mr. Thornton; Manet has laid aside his brush for ever—yet here is Mr. Wilson Steer; Claude is among the immortals—yet here is Mr. Fry. Even Mr. MacColl must needs send one's thoughts to Japanese prints, and Mr. Anning Bell to the late Lord Leighton. Does this mean that the New English Art Club's experiment is finished? If I remember aright, they were going to be such individualists, such foes to convention, such innovators.

THE honours of this exhibition are with Mr. Fry, Mr. Conder, and Prof. Brown. Mr. Fry's "Valley of the Seine" is indeed the one strong, stimulating new work of individualism in the room. It has amplitude and feeling—two rare enough qualities. Mr. Fry has translated the prospect into paint, which is the duty of the artist—he has not been content merely to reproduce the externals. Above all he has given us light. It is curious, but light is the last gift that most landscape painters think of conferring; yet to the lay mind it occupies a rather important place in nature. Mr. Fry gives us light in his "Valley of the Seine"; Prof. Brown gives us light in his three charming sketches; Mr. Brabazon gives us light in his water-colour drawing of "Lucerne"; and Mr. J. L. Henry in "September Sunshine"; and Mr. Fisher in "The River Clacy." But there is none in many of the others. There is none, for example, in Mr. W. W. Russell's "Children's Holiday." If the world were not lit better than that, we should be seeking Eleusis for illumination.

To return to Mr. Fry's beautiful picture, I must commiserate with him over the action of the gallery authorities in pasting a hideous red label in the corner of his frame. Mr. Fry's colour scheme was probably the fruit of grave and persistent thought and experiment, and it is hard to have this jarring note introduced. For sheer beauty I should place next to Mr. Fry's "Valley of the Seine" Mr. Conder's "Almond Blossoms." Prof. Brown's "Misty Morning on the Tees," and "The Old Bridge, Barnard Castle," come near these. But beauty was never a New English weakness.

Mr. Wilson Steer, for example, will have none of it. His contribution is a study of the nude, in which he directly challenges comparison with Manet. Manet wins. Mr. Steer is a most dexterous painter, but he always lacks an essential something. He has the mechanism but not the soul. There is no one he is not clever enough to imitate. This year he shows a woman, more inartistically naked than any woman would permit herself to be, perched upon a bed. She is naked enough, in fact, to be efficacious as the cure of love recommended by the Anatomist of Melancholy. The same light that whitens her skin has the effect of turning the sheets grey. I should describe the picture as a smart failure, although I expect to see it called brilliant.

A PICTURE showing the influence of one of Manet's peers is Mr. Hartrick's "Knocked Out." This recalls Degas. But Mr. Hartrick has succeeded: he has given us a wonderful piece of realism. Degas would have endowed it also with beauty, but he could not have drawn it better. For the rest, I should like to mention a study of a cumulus cloud, not quite aerial enough, by Mr. Lindner; a portrait by Mr. Rothenstein, a singularly intelligent piece of work; a Corot-esque trifle, by Mr. Thornton; a quiet scene of poultry, by Mr. George Thomson; and a pen and ink drawing, by Mr. Laurence Housman, remarkable for its delicacy. There are also two impressive landscapes by M. Legros, which have in this company something of the effect of the marriage of May and December. M. Legros is not New English.

IT seems vain to ask from the English portrait-painter a portrait that is also a picture; that is to say, a portrait which, even for those who do not know the original, or who find the features unpleasing, shall yet have attraction. At the Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, now being held in the Grafton Galleries, there are few pictures which fulfil this very simple and natural requirement. And a collection of portraits that stubbornly refuse to be also pictures has a very disturbing effect. It is terrible to be stared at by scores of painted ladies and gentlemen, in whom one can take no manner of interest. One feels disposed to be rude and busquely bid them get back to the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms and halls where they belong, and cease to intrude in a spot sacred to art. Truly they have no right there. Fortunately, however, there are a few good pictures to divert the thoughts from these rows of alien, unsympathetic eyes.

THERE is first and foremost the exquisite "Portrait of a Girl," by M. Helleu. The committee have hung it in the third room, to come as a revelation of beauty and distinction after a weary walk round the preceding walls. Here we find that endowment of the master—air and light. The ordinary portrait-painter is totally unmindful of the fact that human beings require air. He gives them no air at all. The average English portrait never breathes.

M. Helleu showers atmosphere upon his subject. This picture may rank with Mr. Whistler's portrait of Miss Alexander. Mr. Whistler, by the way, is represented at the Grafton by a dainty sketch, which he calls "Rose and Silver." All his radiant genius is in it: the vivacity, the delicacy, the firm touch, the inevitableness of arrangement.

MR. ROTHENSTEIN'S portrait of "Mr. Albert Toft" is a quiet, adequate piece of work with character of its own; and the same artist's chalk drawings in the fourth room are wonderfully deft. Mr. George Moore positively lives. Indeed, as soon as possible, a reproduction of this half-length should be inserted in Mr. Moore's new book of criticisms, to correct the impression made by the Manet portrait, which now figures as frontispiece, on the public mind. Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Lavery, and Mr. T. Guthrie, jun., also come well through the ordeal. Mr. Greiffenhausen is not at his best with his portrait of "Mrs. Stanley Wilson," but one is grateful for an artist with so refined a colour sense, and such a feeling for freedom and life. Mr. Mouat Loudan is not painting as once he did. The portrait of Mrs. Bowles is effective and decorative, and one has a sense that it is like; and the artist has lent a fine abundance to the picture of his wife; but the portrait of Miss Heseltine is weak and careless. Mr. Loudan should steadily prefer beauty to "prettiness" as an ideal. Mr. James Guthrie has failed in his study after Velasquez, the portrait of Master Roy Garroway. The component parts are there, but they lack the hand to weld them.

I LIKED in this room "An Old Lady," by Mr. H. H. Gilchrist; and the amazing group painted by Mr. Blanche, entitled "Thaulow and Family," is infinitely diverting. Bovril is not more bovine than this brawny artist Thaulow charging at his easel. I liked, also, "A Lady Fencer," by Mr. Jacomb-Hood; a dainty pastel, by Mr. E. A. Walton, called "Head of a Girl"; "The Sealskin Muff," by Mr. H. Halhed; and "Lulu," by Mr. Robert Brough. In the fourth room are some of Mr. William Strang's masterful, etched portraits, a few pencil heads by Prof. Legros and Mr. Blake Wirgman, and a collection of Mr. Leslie Ward's *Vanity Fair* portraits. I wish I could honestly call them caricatures; but they are almost without exception portraits, and very excellent likenesses too. It is one of "Spy's" characteristics, deft workman though he is, always to make us regret "Ape," the imitable Pellegrine. The last room is hung with miniatures. I began to look at them with the languid interest that one reserves for this variety of art, but came suddenly upon a tiny picture of a red-haired girl, by M. Jan van Beers. The mischief in her eyes and on her lips—the contemptuous, amused pity for gentlemen of the pen generally, and art critics in particular—drove miniatures out of my head. I can see her still. V.

SCIENCE.

AMONG the most interesting events of the week has been the emancipation of the University of Paris. The revival of this name, suppressed at the Revolution, carries with it a host of memories dating back to the little school of Abelard, and thence to the period when the University flourished as a power in Europe. It is unlikely that it will ever again acquire the privileges which it then exercised, but so long lived are French fears that the ceremony of inauguration reads as timidly as if it were a display of fireworks over a powder barrel.

THE aim of M. Rambaud, Minister of Education, was to make it appear that the University is essentially a Republican institution. Why not, if the Republic treats it handsomely? Learning can thrive under any sufficiently liberal conditions; it is only in Russia that it degenerates into politics. M. Lavisse, of the Sorbonne, who made the one interesting and unofficial speech of the occasion, seems to have created a thrill by his audacity in advocating freedom of thought and action. The students cheered to the echo, but official Paris looked grave. On the whole, it were better for the University, as it is on its good behaviour, not to indulge at present in the wanton liberties of its English sisters. A Union Debating Society might blast its prospects, and relegate it once more to the degrading position of a State menial.

It is this sort of "freedom" which seems to have inspired Mr. Spencer with the gloomy forebodings that close his great work just completed. He sees in the republic or democracy towards which we are drifting no individual peace, no liberty, but a sordid atmosphere of corruption tempered by *Daily Chronicle* leaders. Out of the mouths of babes we do not often catch the wisdom of Mr. Spencer; yet it was a little child who asked: "What happens in countries where there are no Kings and Queens—are they all Knaves?"

THE attitude of a Ministry which does not read the papers has some merit, and betokens independence; but it may go too far. Here we have had all the well-informed persons in the kingdom pouring out complaints for months past that the Government was doing nothing for technical education comparable to the splendid efforts of Germany, and Mr. Balfour admits that he has only just become aware of it. To quote the *Times*:

"He has recently encountered a gentleman who has been visiting German institutions for training men in electrical science, and learns with astonishment and admiration that Germany has half a dozen of them, each better than anything we can show in this country. Also he has learned that the action of the State has been worthily seconded by German manufacturers, who spend large sums on research and keep large staffs of trained chemists and physicists engaged in work not directly profit-

able, but revealing from time to time new modes of making money."

Is it too much to hope that this belated information may bear fruit? The trade of the country is declining for want of properly directed information. Scientific agriculture is left in the hands of a few philanthropic noblemen and an amateur farming college; our dyeing factories will soon be dead, so hard are they hit by the advance of Germany; every kind of manufactured goods is threatened from abroad, and even the iron trades are feeling the pressure. All this might be improved if the State took the trouble to see that artisans were properly trained and encouraged in skilful work, that British goods were not placed at a disadvantage with foreign goods, and, above all, that some more effective and widely reaching medium than consular reports were available for information as to foreign developments. There is no civilised people with such a splendid network of communication as ours has, and none that makes such a shabby and inadequate use of it.

IF we must take sides over the vexed question about the London Water Supply, we confess that our sympathies are with Dr. Frankland, and against the army of chemists whose reports to the County Council have caused so much sensation. It goes ill, we admit, to support the water companies; but no one can read the documents on either side without feeling that an attempt has been made to get up a case by taking the worst possible conditions, and that it is more or less vitiated by the discrepant opinions of the persons employed for the purpose. Nobody would expect to find water free from bacteria or from suspended matter after passing through the mains of London; and the attempt to represent the bacteria in millions and the suspended matter in tons, is a mere freak of the *ad captandum* argument which will weigh but little with any one who is in the habit of examining his drinking water.

THE *Journal of Physical Chemistry* is a recent addition to the list of handsomely prepared and nicely printed scientific American magazines. It is under the direction of Wilder D. Bancroft and J. E. Trevor, and bears unmistakably the imprint of its editors. The first number contains but three long articles: one on "Irreversible Cells," a continuation of the work of W. D. Bancroft; one on "Chemistry and its Laws," translated from the German of F. Wald by J. E. Trevor; and a third on "Ternary Mixtures," by W. D. Bancroft. The magazine is published at Cornell University, and in London by Gay & Bird.

FROM *L'Anthropologie* (September-October, 1896) we abstract a strange narrative of a tailed race of men. The writer, M. Paul d'Enjoy, states that when he was in command of an exploring party along the frontiers of Indo-China, his men captured an individual of the Moi tribe in the act of collecting honey up a tree. Other

individuals fled, but this one, on being examined, was found to possess a well-developed caudal appendage, of which he was very proud as a sign of pure birth. M. d'Enjoy seems to have gathered from conversation that the tail was a feature of his race, but was disappearing under the influence of racial mixture. Further investigation was cut short by the stranger, who poisoned his guard and escaped.

M. d'Enjoy then raises the general question whether here, in these unexplored and impenetrable tracts, may be found the long-sought *link*. He recalls the fact that neighbours of the Moi, the Annamites, are even designated by the Chinese *giao-chi*, or "loose-toes," on account of their prehensile feet. The Moi have another distinctive feature in the shape of excrescences like cockspurs upon the ankles. Their constitution, however, is not easy to study on account of their extreme shyness and ferocity, coupled with the use of deadly poisoned arrows. They are asserted to be undergoing gradual extermination at the hands of the surrounding peoples. It is to be hoped that some other investigator will take up the work where Mr. d'Enjoy has left off. The Moi offer the richest material to the Darwinian.

AMONG modern races the proportion of left-handed to right-handed is reckoned at 1 to 2 in 50. Researches among prehistoric remains in the south of England show that in early times also the right-handed were predominant. In France and Switzerland, curiously enough, M. G. de Mortillet asserts that the opposite holds good; and in America Dr. Daniel Brinton has computed that the proportion of left-handed in prehistoric times was as high as 33 in 100. He arrives at this conclusion after an exhaustive study of stone instruments and cave drawings, the latter of which commonly show the faces drawn towards the right as though the left hand had been used. The numerical superiority of the right-handed throughout time is explained by Dr. Brinton as a result of erect carriage. This posture calls into play a new distribution of forces. Under the influence of gravity the large arteries arrive sooner and more easily at the left than at the right cerebral hemisphere.

It is, of course, obvious that the systematic grouping of elements will vary according to the properties by which they are classified. The elements are generally grouped in accordance with their more striking chemical properties. A paper recently read before the Chemical Society by Mr. R. M. Deeley shows that when thus grouped the elements do not all fall readily into the periodic system, and many gaps are left. On the other hand, when they are grouped in accordance with the periodic changes of certain physical properties, the sequence is more satisfactory. As an example, the refraction equivalents are taken, when helium is shown to fill a blank previously left, and argon falls naturally into line between sodium and fluorine,

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DATE OF MANNING'S BIRTH.

London: Nov. 23.

I am not aware that attention has ever been drawn to an extraordinary inconsistency in Note A to vol. i. of Mr. Purcell's biography of Cardinal Manning.

The date of the Cardinal's birth had always been given as July 15, 1808, but Mr. Purcell contends that it should be July 15, 1807. Of this he finds "the most authentic and inclusive evidence" in a passage in a letter written by Manning to his brother Frederick on February 1, 1832, where Manning says: "I cannot avoid remarking that I am by six months only qualified to take orders." "The canonical age for taking orders," Mr. Purcell observes, "is twenty-three. Consequently, according to his own reckoning, Cardinal Manning was born in 1807." I should be surprised to learn that Cardinal Manning, who, according to his sister (p. 77), "knew a little arithmetic," ever reckoned that twenty-three and seven made thirty-one. Unless the date of the letter is misprinted—and it occurs twice in Mr. Purcell's book, and has remained unchanged through four editions—the passage upon which Mr. Purcell relies to prove that Manning was born in 1807 demonstrates that he was born in 1808.

Mr. Purcell further cites the late Mr. Richmond, R.A., as saying: "Manning and I were born in the same year, 1807." According to the *Dictionary of National Biography* Richmond was born on March 28, 1809.

RICHARD GARNETT.

SOME REMARKS ON PLOT AND DIALOGUE.

Cambridge: Nov. 23.

On the above interesting article which appeared in your issue of November 21, may I be permitted to make the two following notes? We are told that:

1. "If a manager would succeed he must direct his attention to dramatic versions of the novel."

2. "No serious play has ever yet been regarded as a masterpiece, or proved a profitable speculation, which was not based on some well-known story," &c.

1. But a cursory glance at such modern novels as are in any way suitable to the stage will reveal the fact that the chief incidents upon which the story hangs are of such a nature that they cannot be produced visually with convincing effect. This results, then:

(i.) In the old method of making an actor come in breathless and relate how he has been chased by a bull, or nearly drowned, or has fallen over a precipice, &c., &c.—a method which, though based on the excellent examples of Greek and Latin models, long since has been abandoned as artificial and tedious.

Or,

(ii.) In the endeavour actually to give these or similar facts.

But it was this very incompatibility of stagecraft with the inventive genius of the novelist that induced Ben Jonson, three centuries ago, to hold the Romantic Drama up to ridicule—the Romantic Drama with its flight o'er land and sea, with its paper bucklers and tin swords—because of the ludicrous inability of the Elizabethan stage to reproduce these elements at all plausibly. In its stead, he advocated a picture of family daily life—"In deeds and language such as men do use"—and thereby, practically, he gave rise to our modern society play. Now, this apparent retrogression after three centuries to the Romantic Drama

(which admittedly was based upon tradition) is doubtless due to the vast improvement of modern stagecraft, and to the very strong wish prevailing among readers of to-day to see their favourite books satisfactorily illustrated. As a curious example of this tendency, one might point to Mme. Tussaud's, where a "scene" is now given, where once a "figure" proved sufficient.

2. I do not think this can stand for one moment! The "Merry Wives of Windsor" has no "traditional" background; and the *Familien-drama* which is referred to above, whose exponents number such men as Ben Jonson, Congreve, Sheridan, Wycherley, Goldsmith, &c. (not to mention modern writers), is, most emphatically, the work of imagination or experience.

One must here, likewise, point out that Goethe can scarcely rank as a playwright; those of his plays which are not classified under the *Familien-drama* are the baldest imitations of the classics, just as, say, the "Comedy of Errors" is of the *Menechini* of Plautus.

In conclusion, we are told not to "sit like jurymen at a serious play, and ask ourselves whether the action is or is not inevitable." But, as a matter of fact, we insist that every joke has its point; we insist, too, that, be the premises what they will, the conclusion must be logical; and thus it is, as Schopenhauer has stated: "Dass wir beim Anfang dem Dichter carte blanche lassen, hingegen an das Ende bestimmte Anforderungen stellen."

PHILO.

THE CORPORATION RECORDS.

London: Nov. 23.

In your issue of 21st inst. (p. 431) you mention that permission has been granted to Mr. W. J. Harvey to have access to the Records of the Corporation of London for historical purposes, and that you believe Lord Macaulay was "the last person to receive the like permission."

Will you kindly allow me to say that a like permission was accorded to me in 1889, in order that I might obtain some information as to the City insignia? I have before me the letter of the Town Clerk, dated May 7, 1889, saying: "I am directed by the Library Committee of the Corporation of London to inform you that they have complied with your request to search the Records."

This, by the obliging help of my friend Dr. Sharpe, I was enabled to do.

W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Most notices of *The Jerningham Letters* (Bentley) begin with an expression of disappointment: they are much too domestic, it would seem. This preliminary grumble dispatched, we are informed of two things: (1) that plums of courtier tittle-tattle are pretty thick in the general pudding; and (2) that the letters, in spite of the clanish spirit pervading them—which is hardly to be blamed in members of a family that had given three martyrs to the Catholic Church, and was living still under the shadow of the penal laws—are illuminated by a pleasant wit and an amiable spirit of family affection. Another biographical work of the documentary kind has received a welcome that amounts almost to an ovation—the *Life and Correspondence of Dr. Magee, the late Archbishop of York* (Ibsbister & Co.). As a statesman, as an

ecclesiastic, the Archbishop had long been famous; it remained for his biographer to reveal him to the general public as a humourist and as one of the great English letter-writers.

Dr. Sloane in the first volume of his *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (Macmillans) has devoted himself with especial success, it would seem, to reconstructing the history of the Emperor's early years; and admirable judgment, both critical and historical, he is declared by the *Spectator* to have shown in dealing with the plenteous material. Nevertheless the same journal has somewhat against him—that he becomes "careless in his statement of the simplest historical facts so soon as he touches the region of military affairs." The *Times* grumbles at the Transatlantic spelling; and "brusk" for "brusque" is a little startling, to say nothing of the wonderful word "clientage." Another book which throws light upon the same subject of perennial interest is *Memoirs of Baron Théobaut*. It was a pity to condense at all," says the *Pall Mall*. "Mr. Butler has shown discretion in condensing," says the *Speaker*; and adds that even the condensed translation might have been further shortened with advantage. The former critic has given the volumes a place on a "handy shelf among the more eminently readable books to which the career of Napoleon has given rise."

A masterpiece, or just not a masterpiece?—that is the question people are asking (or answering) about Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters* (Heinemann). Cap in hand before Mrs. Steel the *National Observer* declares that the wonder lies "in the strength of grasp that could hold this mass of accurate detail"—for the author disdains the easy licence which Scott, and, indeed, all others writers of historical fiction, have not scrupled to make use of—"and could form it into a novel that is . . . an orderly sequence, a harmonious whole; and in the breadth of mind that can hold the balance impartially between us and our enemies." "Not many men could have done this thing," the critic concludes; "and, to our thinking, no other woman whatsoever." "Q," in the *Speaker*, does not, as a rule, err on the side of severity: once and again his enthusiastic praise has led us into rather barren by-paths. It is, therefore, the more surprising to find that his estimate of *On the Face of the Waters*, though eulogistic, is a little guarded. He does not "for a moment expect that the book will be a classic"; and, after lauding the unusual accuracy with which the historical elements have been diligently sought out, he proceeds: "The only criticism I have to offer as suggesting the least doubt of Mrs. Steel's success is this—that the acme of historical interest and the acme of poetical interest do not coincide." The historical narrative surely reached its climax at the blowing up of the magazine by the gallant nine, or on the page which tells how John Nicholson took his death wound in the narrow lane; "but the poetical climax will certainly be found in the chapter which tells how Kate Erlton went to call on Alice Gissing . . .

and how Alice Gissing died and Jim Douglas shouted 'Bravo!' " India, writes the *Spectator* in effect, will be revealed to Englishmen, if ever, in a novel; because in India the personal element is everything. The necessary revealing genius has not appeared yet, but Mrs. Steel is the nearest approach to him.

"A genuine contribution to literature" is the *Chronicle's* comment on Mr. Benson's *Limitations*. The *Morning Post* is astonished to find that his strong point is pathos; and the conviction is generally expressed that he has moved a long way since the flight of his *Dodo*. On two counts serious fault is found with Mr. Crockett's *Grey Man*. It is said to be too long, in the first place; there are too many digressions, and at a certain point the story goes to pieces. "The author," pronounces a writer in the *Westminster*, "with all his great powers of imagination . . . has not yet learned how to construct a plot." The *Spectator* lays greater emphasis upon another defect, which it is not alone in detecting: it is irritated by the hero's unnecessary self-gloration. Nevertheless, it confesses, the reader is carried along "by virtue of its immense animal spirits, and by the . . . infectious delight which the author takes in the exercise of his full-blooded imagination."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WE have received during the past week no fewer than forty-five works of fiction. A large proportion of these belong to the annual contingent of boys' and girls' stories, and some, such as Messrs. Macmillan's "Westward Ho!" and Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's "Undine," are reprints of old favourites; but the arrivals of absolutely new stories remain very heavy. An interesting publication, on the face of it, is the first English translation of Gustave Flaubert's satirical story, "Bouvard and Pécuchet." This is the second volume in a set of translations of Flaubert's complete works which has been undertaken by Mr. D. F. Hannigan.

In the list of Theological works will be found four volumes of "The Modern Reader's Bible." The books of the Bible are here printed in chapters and paragraphs, and are treated reverently as *literature* by the editor, Mr. Richard S. Moulton, M.A., one of the most popular of University Extension lecturers in recent years. The edition of "Luther's Primary Works," by Wace and Buchheim, is sure to interest students, and the Commentary on St. Luke by the Rev. Alfred Plummer, an exceptionally well-printed book, will take its place on the shelves of all to whom the volumes of the "International Critical Commentary" have been a source of instruction.

The Geography and Travel books to hand include a work so modern and special as Sir George Scott Robertson's "The Kaffirs of the Hindu-Kush" (Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen), and Messrs. Macmillans' reprint of Washington Irving's "Alhambra," illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell. There is

also a gossipy route-book on the Riviera from the pen of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare.

New biographies include the Memoir of Sir John Drummond Hay (John Murray) and "The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville" (Henry & Co.), translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

In "Belles-Lettres," the notable book of the week is "The Children," a series of Essays by Mrs. Meynell. The book does not appear in the delicately plain salmon cover to which we have been accustomed in Mrs. Meynell's works, but has a decorative cover designed by Mr. Charles Robinson, and a title-page bearing the same design. A little book on "Intaglio Engraving," by Mr. Edward Renton (George Bell & Sons), is likely to find readers fit though few.

A pile of Christmas gift-books includes Mr. J. F. Sullivan's new fairy volume, "The Flame-Flower" (J. M. Dent & Co.); "The Parade," a children's superior budget of stories and pictures (Henry & Co.); and "Wymps, and other Fairy Tales," by Evelyn Sharp (John Lane).

In the following list of books which we have received, prices are given wherever possible.

FICTION.

THE EVOLUTION OF A WIFE. By Elizabeth Holland. John Milne. 6s.
EVERY INCH A SAILOR. By Gordon Stables. T. Nelson & Sons. 5s.
BOUVARD AND PÉCUCHE. From the French of Gustave Flaubert, by D. F. Hannigan. 6s. net.
THERE WAS ONCE A PRINCE. By Mary E. Mann. Henry & Co. 3s. 6d.
WHEN ARNOLD COMES HOME. By Mary E. Mann. Henry & Co. 3s. 6d.
THE TYRANTS OF KOOL-SIM. By J. M. Cobban. Henry & Co. 3s. 6d.
THE TURRELL DISHONOUR. By E. M. Pledge. Jarrold & Son.
STORIES OF NAPLES AND THE CAMORRA. By Charles Grant. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
THE DUNTHORPES OF WESTLEIGH. By Christian Lys. Downey & Co. 6s.
SQUINT AND HIS FRIENDS. By E. Everett-Green. Nelson & Sons. 2s. 6d.
HAROLD THE NORSEMAN. By Fred. Whishaw. Nelson & Sons. 3s. 6d.
MERRY GIRLS OF ENGLAND. By L. T. Meade. Cassell & Co. 3s. 6d.
SHOD WITH SILENCE. By Edward S. Ellis. Cassell & Co. 2s. 6d.
UNDINE. By Friedrich Baron de la Motte Fouqué. Translated by Edmund Gosse. Lawrence & Bullen.
WESTWARD HO! By Charles Kingsley. Macmillan & Co. 2 vol. edition. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 2s.
A MIXED WORLD. By Adolphus Pohl. Elliot Stock.
THE GARDEN OF TIME. By Mrs. Davidson, of Tulloch. Jarrold & Sons. 3s. 6d.
CRANFORD. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson. Bliss, Sands & Co. 2s. 6d.
SHAPE IN THE FIRE. By M. P. Shiel. 3s. 6d.
CYNTHIA. By Leonard Merrick. 2 vols. Chatto & Windus. 10s.
PRINCES THREE AND SEEKERS SEVEN. By Mara Colquhoun. Elliot Stock.
THE CAREER OF CANDIDA. By George Paston. Chapman & Hall. 6s.
THROUGH THEIR SPECTACLES. By C. Lockhart-Goodson. Jarrold & Sons. 2s. 6d.
THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD. By Mary Albert Simpkin & Co. 6s.
A GOLDEN AUTUMN. By Mrs. Alexander. F. V. White & Co. 6s.
TWO COUSINS AND A CASTLE. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. F. V. White & Co. 3s. 6d.
GODS OF GOLD. By Mrs. Aylmer Gowin. F. V. White & Co. 6s.
JOHN SEATON. By Mary Beaumont. J. M. Dent & Co.
TURNPIKE TALES. By Charles L. Marson. Elkin Mathews. 10s.
THE GREAT BECKLEWAITE MYSTERY. By Henry Herman. Simpkin & Co. 3s. 6d.
A MAN OF HONOUR. By H. C. Irwin. A. & C. Black. 6s.

BELIAL'S BURDEN. By Jas. F. Sullivan. J. M. Dent & Co.
TOMALYN'S QUEST. By G. B. Burgin. Innes & Co. 6s.
IMMENSEE. By Theodor Storm. Translated. Gowans & Gray (Glasgow.)

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN. By Max Pemberton. A. D. Innes & Co. 3s. 6d.

COMEDIES OF COURSHIP. (New Edition.) By Anthony Hope. A. D. Innes & Co. 3s. 6d.

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APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, November 30, 8 p.m. The Aristotelian Society: "Is Any Form of Natural Realism Tenable in the Present Day?" By E. T. Dixon, Esq.
TUESDAY, December 1, 8 p.m. Institution of Civil Engineers: "The Bacterial Purification of Water"; further discussion.
 Also at 8 p.m. Society of Biblical Archaeology, 37, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury: "The Tell el-Amarna Tablets relating to Jerusalem and Central Palestine." By Jos. Offord, Esq., Jun.
 Also at 3 p.m. Anglo-Russian Literary Society, Imperial Institute: Lecture, "Sakhalin and its Exiles." By Dr. B. Douglas Howard.
WEDNESDAY, December 2, 4.30 p.m. Lecture on "Style." By Dr. K. Lentsner.
 Also at 5 p.m. Camden Society: General Meeting.
 Also at 8 p.m. The Elizabethan Literary Society: "Shakespearian Ballads and Songs." By Walter Rowley, Esq.
 Also at 8 p.m. The Victorian Loan Exhibition at Crystal Palace: "Sixty Years of Drama": Lecture by Forbes Robertson, Esq.
THURSDAY, December 3, 8 p.m. Chemical Society: Five papers to be read.
 Also at 8 p.m. The Linnean Society: Paper, "Does Natural Selection Play any Part in the Origin of Species among Plants?" By Rev. Geo. Henshaw.
FRIDAY, December 4, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Foraminifera of the Thanet Beds of Pegwell Bay." By H. W. Burrows, Esq., and Richard Holland, Esq. Lantern Slides.
 Also at 8 p.m. "On the H-words I am Sub-Elting for the New English Dictionary." By E. L. Brandreth, Esq.

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What the Editors say:

"TRUTH," August 15th, 1895.

There is no limit to the ingenuity of the Americans in improving upon the ordinary paraphernalia of daily life. The other day I found my office table provided with a set of new editorial pencils—red, blue, and black. Being struck by something unusual in their appearance, I made enquiries and discovered that they represented the latest Yankee notion in lead pencils, the lead being mounted in a stick of tightly-packed paper instead of wood. The paper is laid on in layers, and the advantage of the arrangement is that when the point is broken or worn down, you tear off one layer of paper, and a new and perfectly symmetrical point is instantly produced without any further process of sharpening. This is called the "Blaisdell" pencil, and if Blaisdell is the inventor, I hope he may make a fortune out of it.

"THE QUEEN," August 10th.

New self-sharpening pencil. At first sight it does not appear to differ from the ordinary lead pencil, but on closer inspection it will be found that the lead, instead of being cased in cedar, is contained in a compressed paper covering so tightly rolled as to resemble wood in appearance and in hardness. When the pencil requires sharpening, all that has to be done is to break the outside layer of paper with a penknife or even a pin, take hold of the strip thus disclosed, unwind a few turns, and pull the strip off, when the lead appears ready for use. It will at once be seen what an improvement this is upon the old laborious process of pencil sharpening, and how much less extravagant with regard to the consumption of the lead, which cannot snap off when thus treated.

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE," August 10th.

Has the death day of the cedar pencil arrived? It may be so. At any rate, the Blaisdell self-sharpening paper pencil is an ingenious innovation. In appearance this American new comer is like our old friends, but the place of the wood is taken by tightly-rolled paper wound in short strips, the width of each strip being marked down the side of the pencil by a slight perforation. When the pencil gets worn down one of these strips is torn off, and in this way a fresh piece of the lead is made available. It is decidedly an ingenious idea.

"BLACK AND WHITE," August 10th.

The "Blaisdell Self-Sharpening Paper Pencil" is a remarkably smart contrivance. The lead is encased in paper, which can easily be unrolled when a fresh point is required.

"THE LADY," August 8th.

A self-sharpening paper pencil does not sound a very promising invention, but anyone who becomes possessed of one of the Blaisdell variety will acknowledge at once that it is a very ingenious little article. These pencils need no knife to sharpen them, as, by simply tearing off a little roll of paper at the end, a new point appears. They are made in black, red, or blue, for office work, and are well worthy of a trial.

"LONDON MORNING LEADER," August 8th, 1895.

The ordinary black lead pencil in its wooden case if of good quality does not promise much scope to the inventive genius thirsting to discover a real improvement, but a clever American firm from Philadelphia have a design in lead pencils that deserves popularity for its ingenuity. The lead is as usual, but round it is wound a thin strip of paper to the ordinary pencil thickness and slightly notched at intervals, so that a small portion can be removed at a time as the lead wears down, producing an ever sharpened pencil, always in working order. The new device is known as the "Blaisdell Self-Sharpening Paper Pencil."

"THE EVENING NEWS AND POST" (London), August 10th.

One of the latest inventions that tend to make literary life better worth living is the Blaisdell Paper Pencil, brought out by an enterprising Philadelphia company. Penknives, blackened thumbs and unparliamentary language when the point snaps short at an important moment are now at a discount. All that the writer or reporter has to do is to insert a pin in a spot indicated on the pencil stem, and, lo! a little roll of paper unfolds like a diminutive shaving, or a released curl, and a fresh all ready sharpened point appears to gladden his eyes and stimulate his harassed brain.

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